60 CENTS
ICD

DECEMBER 3, 1968

What Nixon Should Do
out the Defense Department

NATIONAL REVIEW

Triumphant New Nixon

James Jackson Kilpatrick • William A. Rusher

THE GREAT SMOG ESCAPE
JOHN KEEFAUVER

DO YOU KNOW COURAGE, MAN?
ANTHONY DOLAN

XRP1495 802R 52 129
ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FABULOUS FREEDOM

Freedom from gaps between panty and hosiery. Freedom from garters. Freedom from continuous readjusting. The all-over cling-fit that hugs tight...feels soft... never sags, bags or wrinkles anyplace... never, never needs readjusting. Yours in panty hose, refillable panty hose...waist-hi's or hosiery...of AGILON® Stretch Nylon. Your favorite brand...in newest fashion colors...at your favorite store.

AGILON

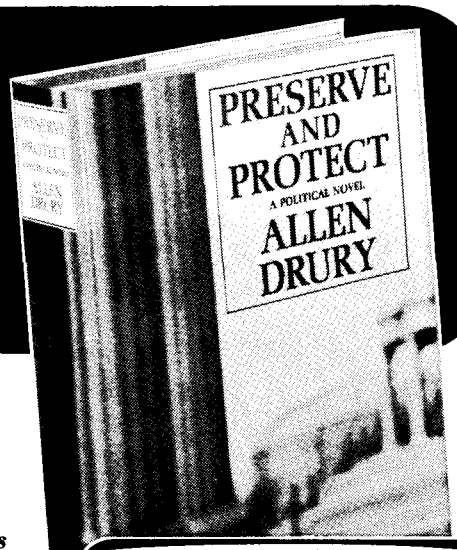
STRETCH NYLON

A Product of Deering Milliken Research Corporation, America's largest...and most productive...textile research organization.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No. 1 Bestseller FREE

with trial membership in the Conservative Book Club and your agreement to buy just three other books in the next 15 months — each at deep discounts . . . 20% . . . 55% . . . as much as 75% off regular prices!



PRESERVE AND PROTECT

by Allen Drury

Author of ADVISE AND CONSENT, A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE, CAPABLE OF HONOR

New novel zeroes in on the violence that tears America to pieces in the Savage Seventies . . . dramatizes the violence that is tearing us apart right now . . . and serves as a "final notice" to every American!

LUCILLE HUDSON stepped out of the White House door at 11:15 that morning. Pale and trembling, but holding her head high, Mrs. Hudson stood flanked by her two daughters, their husbands, her five grandchildren. She was helped into the waiting limousine. The new President took her hand and murmured a few soft words to her.

Now the flag-draped coffin was inching up the soft green hill toward Arlington National Cemetery. It held the remains of Harley M. Hudson, who two days before had been President of the United States. The muffled drums rolled their relentless beat. Suddenly, shattering the hush, another hearse careened alongside Harley Hudson's. Another cortege, this one with horns blaring, riders screaming, placards waving.

The next fifteen minutes horrified the nation and the world. Cars in the opposing group wore the white dove of COMFORT, the clenched fist of DEFY, the flaming torch of KEEP — the same extremists who had rioted at the gates of the White House the night before last. The passengers, made up about equally of whites and blacks, aimed their cars at the caisson and the limousines, screeching obscenities. Then they broke into a chant that told the world what they thought of Harley Hudson — and what they meant to do with his coffin: "INTO THE DITCH, YOU SON OF A BITCH! INTO THE DITCH, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

Astounding: Drury Wrote this Before Chicago!

Drury goes on to tell how the new President of the United States sought to restore order in our land — and how the media, as if by involuntary reflex, sought to destroy the new President. How the media publicly deplored — not the rioters, the looters, the burn-baby-burners — but the *police* who tried to control them. The story is climaxed by the Day of the Great Riot . . . the day that the Liberals made.

As in all his bestselling political novels, Allen Drury gives us revealing insights into the workings of TV and the press. How picture editors attack their victims by selection of misleading photographs. How the media supports naked violence as a weapon of political blackmail. How they hop, flip and do handstands on instant command from America's Establishment.

FREE With Trial Membership in the Conservative Book Club

PRESERVE AND PROTECT (retail price $6.95) is sent to you free if you agree to try a brief membership in the Conservative Book Club. Your sole obligation is to accept just 3 books from about 30 to be offered in the next 15 months — all of them made available to you at deep discounts of 20% to 75%. After that you are free to resign at any time.

As a member you'll enjoy other benefits and privileges . . . the best in conservative books to fit every taste . . . a free subscription to our monthly Club Bulletin, filled with political and publishing news of special interest to conservatives. And, at intervals during your membership, there are special services: exclusive Club Omnibus Volumes containing the cream of conservative publishing at immense savings over regular publishers' prices . . . and occasional *extra* free books such as the one offered free with membership in this announcement, to name just a few.

Join us! Accept PRESERVE AND PROTECT free, and taste the reading pleasures of CBC membership. Mail the form below to Conservative Book Club, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

McCall's Pays $50,000 for *Preserve and Protect*, Then Refuses to Publish It

On May 19, 1968 the New York Times reported that Allen Drury had issued "a bitter attack" on McCall's magazine and on Norman Cousins, chairman of the editorial committee of the McCall Corporation and editor of Saturday Review.

Mr. Drury blamed Mr. Cousins for the decision to drop serialization of Preserve and Protect after the magazine had paid him $50,000. "I am sure no book of mine will ever appear in McCall's while he is the controlling factor there, nor will he ever again permit a fair review of any book of mine to appear in Saturday Review," said Mr. Drury in a written statement.

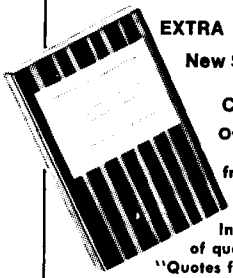
McCall's editor James Fixx said the decision not to serialize had been his, "after consulting with a few people, including Mr. Cousins." After receiving the manuscript, said Mr. Fixx, he thought the book would become a bestseller but "decided it was not the kind of work to which we wanted to give that much space in the magazine."

How the Club Works:

Each month of your Trial Membership you receive the Club Bulletin describing the next Selection and Alternates — all offered at deep discounts, of course. If you decide to accept the Selection, you need do nothing; it will arrive about one month later. If you decide to reject the Selection, you can do so in a few seconds on the handy form always provided. The book described in this advertisement, in the original publisher's hard-cover edition, is sent entirely free in return for your agreement to buy 3 other books in the next 15 months.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

EXTRA FREE GIFT



New $1.00 paperback, Quotes for Conservatives

Over 900 quotations from 63 famed authorities from ancient times to the present, compiled by Malcolm Wright. Includes a special section of quotations from the Bible. "Quotes for Conservatives" is an extra free gift if you join immediately.

81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the Conservative Book Club and send my free copy of Allen Drury's best seller, PRESERVE AND PROTECT. I understand that membership entitles me to buy Club Selections and Alternates at discounts of 20% to 75% plus shipping. Each month you will send me free the Club Bulletin describing Selections and Alternates. If I accept a Selection I need to do nothing; it will come automatically. My sole obligation is to inform you of Selections which I do not want, on the form always provided — and to buy 3 books over the next 15 months, after which I am free to resign at any time.

NR 83

Name_____

Address_____

City/State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW LUCKY CAN I BE?

TONIGHT HE'S TAKING ME TO

The STOCKHOLM

. . . SHALL I CONCENTRATE ON THE SCANDINAVIAN TABLE? . . . SHALL I MAKE IT AN ITALIAN SMORGASBORD NITE? . . . SHALL I HAVE BOTH? . . . WHAT SHALL I WEAR? I CERTAINLY HAVE SOME DELICIOUS PROBLEMS AHEAD OF ME! IT'S ALWAYS A SPECIAL EVENING WHEN I'M AT

The STOCKHOLM

151 W. 51 Street, N.Y.C.

Luncheon * Dinner

Excellent Party Facilities

*

Philip Rosen, Managing Director

DECEMBER 3, 1968

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XX NO. 48

1198 The Week

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

1194 Letters
1205 The Third World War *by James Burnham*
1206 What Happened at Miami Beach? *by William A. Rusher*
1210 Random Notes from the Campaign Trail *by James Jackson Kilpatrick*
1213 Decentralizing the Pentagon *by Anthony Harrigan*
1217 Viewed From London *by Ferdinand Mount*
1219 Do You Know the Courage Man? *by Anthony R. Dolan*
1220 The Great Three-Month Smog Escape *by John Keefauver*
1223 From the Academy *by Russell Kirk*
1232 Delectations *by C.H. Simonds*
1233 Trans-O-Gram
1236 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
1238 For the Record

1224 BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Geoffrey Wagner reviews Jacques Barzun's *The American University* ☐ M. Stanton Evans on the new Allen Drury ☐ Books for Christmas Giving by Guy Davenport ☐ Richard Corliss on the New York Film Festival

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. *Editor*
WILLIAM A. RUSHER *Publisher*

Editors

JAMES BURNHAM ☐ FRANK S. MEYER
WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY *Managing Editor*
C. H. SIMONDS *Assistant Managing Editor*
JAMES P. MCFADDEN *Assistant Publisher*

Associates

M. STANTON EVANS ☐ WILL HERBERG
JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK
RALPH DE TOLEDANO ☐ TIMOTHY J. WHEELER
PATRICIA A. CARR ☐ K. CRAIG CHAWKINS *Assistant Editors*
AGATHA SCHMIDT *Research Director*

Contributors

C. D. BATCHELOR ☐ COLM BROGAN ☐ JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
ARLENE CROCE ☐ GUY DAVENPORT ☐ JOAN DIDION
W. H. VON DREELE ☐ CHARLES FOLEY ☐ NEAL FREEMAN
MAX GELTMAN ☐ NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON ☐ HENRY HAZLITT
SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE ☐ SIR SHANE LESLIE
SIR ARNOLD LUNN ☐ VINCENT MILLER
THOMAS MOLNAR ☐ GERHART NIEMEYER ☐ STEFAN T. POSSONY
MORRIE RYSKIND ☐ ALEC WAUGH ☐ AUBERON WAUGH
FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Foreign Contributors

ANTHONY LEJEUNE, *London* ☐ E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, *Munich*
ELSPETH HUXLEY, *African Affairs* ☐ WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM, *At Large*

Art Director: JAMES W. O'BRYAN
Production Editor: VICTORIA WEHMEIER
Promotion Manager: EDWARD W. MC FADDEN
Circulation Fulfillment: GARY C. MARSHALL
Advertising Director: PATRICK D. MAINES

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. (Application for entry to mail at second class postage rates is pending at Bristol, Conn.) © National Review, Inc. 1968.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: $17.00 a year ($10.00 for the 44-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THIS ISSUE

■ We postmortemize the election and turn our faces to the coming Administration of Mr. Nixon. You can't hope to understand that Administration, or the election itself, maintains publisher **William A. Rusher**, without knowing what went on at the convention in Miami Beach, where the only threat to Nixon's nomination was not Rockefeller, never Rockefeller, but Ronald Reagan. Thus, an insider's report on the rightward tilt of Republican politics and its bearing on things to come. . . . **James Jackson Kilpatrick**, the very model of a Washington correspondent, did this fall a noble and salutary thing for a Washington correspondent, that is, he left the nation's capital and saw the nation, and saw the candidates as the nation saw them, and came home, flexing sensory muscles he didn't know he had, and wrote about it. It begins on page 1210. . . . Number One task for the Nixon Administration, thinks **Anthony Harrigan**, is getting the Department of Defense back on the track, it having been stalled these many years on a siding for the overefficient tinkering of Mr. McNamara and his civilian engineers. Mr. Harrigan is a noted military writer and Associate Editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*. . . . **Ferdinand Mount**, a Londoner who observed a good part of the election foreplay last winter from a post at *NR*, writes about the funny way the home folks got the news through the transatlantic filter. . . . And **Wm. F. Buckley**, in the aftermath, takes up a number of outstanding matters, among them Nelson Rockefeller, Edward M. Kennedy and Eldridge Cleaver.

■ There's a strange new religious movement afoot in the Boston underground. **Anthony R. Dolan** examines its grooviness in the first of a regular series of reports from on campus and off. Mr. Dolan, who wrote about the Newport Folk Festival in our October 8 issue ("Heroes in the Seaweed") is himself a composer of folk songs and a junior at Yale University. . . . **John Keefauver** lives in Carmel, California, and spends a good deal of his time staring out to sea.

■ Jacques Barzun, of Columbia University, is reviewed by **Geoffrey Wagner**, City College of New York. . . . **M. Stanton Evans**, of the Indianapolis Iron Guard, drops into fiction for Allen Drury's latest. . . . **Guy Davenport**, a man of catholic (and expensive) reading habits, perused the book counters well ahead of the Christmas rush. . . . And **Richard Corliss**, of the Museum of Modern Art's film department, reviews the New York Film Festival's parade of hits and misses.

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your **old** address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code. (The ZIP code has become all-important, as all names must be filed—and mailed—by that number.)

READERS' SERVICE

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists when you move, etc. Thank you.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(New address—if moving)

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO

☐ I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $10.00 rate. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription: ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later.

COLLECT EXACT SIZE WORKING METAL MODELS!

100% MECHANICAL DETAILED. IDEAL FOR THEATRICAL & MOVIE USE, DEN & OFFICE DISPLAY FOR SAFETY, POLICE & MILITARY TRAINING, SENIOR & JUNIOR COLLECTORS. MANY RARE GUNS. ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS, CAN'T FIRE BULLETS. PRECISION MADE OF METAL, STEEL SPRINGS, CHECKERED GRIPS.

MAILABLE: NO PERMITS OR TAXES!

Walther P.38 WWII military	$19.95
Walther P.38 commercial	$19.95
Walther PPK slide cycles	$12.95
Tokarev 7.62 blue	$19.95
Browning Hi Power stock slot	$19.95
Browning .380 pocket	$17.50
Georg Lugger's type P.08 4" blue	$19.95
" Artillery 8" ea.	$22.50
Italy GI M1934 .32	$19.50
Government Model .45 & LW	$19.95
Mauser Military 1st type	$19.95
Nambu M14 8MM WWII	$19.95
Stock or Drum for Luger models, ea	$ 9.95
Schmeisser MP40 full size	$49.95

Full photo-information book $1, credit on 1st order. All models add $1 postpaid. No CODs, checks clear bank, MOs at once from stock. Calif. buyers 5% and Va. buyers 4% tax please.

WE ARE EXCLUSIVE USA DISTRIBUTORS FOR J-M-G HQTM ASSN. METAL MODEL GUNS

GOLD RUSH GUN SHOPS

No. 1—1567 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94109

No. 2—BOX 33, AFTON, VA. 22920. PRICE LIST FREE SAE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your personal embosser for 15.95

With its smooth good looks, the Brady Hand Embosser has the heft and "feel" of expensive units. That's because it was designed for heavy-duty industrial use—all functional parts are made of lightweight metal. It'll last a lifetime.

You can make your own nameplates, identification stickers, labels, any message you choose. Its action is smooth and easy, spacing even and automatic. All 44 letters, numbers and symbols emboss clearly in white on glossy, pressure-sensitive tape. Your choice of 11 tape colors and two widths, 3/8" or 1/2".

Perhaps the best thing about the Brady Embosser is its price: 15.95. One embossing wheel is included in the price of the gun. If you want to emboss both sizes of tape,order the extra embossing wheel. Embossing wheel and tape sizes must be identical. Just fill out the coupon below, enclose a check or money order and it's yours. Makes a great gift, too.

PLEASE SEND ME_____ Brady Embosser(s) and the tapes listed below. 3/8"____ 1/2"____ I enclose $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City, State_____

TAPE COLOR
If ordering two tape sizes, enter sizes and number.

☐ black ☐ gold
☐ blue ☐ orange
☐ red ☐ clear
☐ green ☐ brown
☐ yellow ☐ gray
☐ purple

Total No. rolls_____

SIZE(S)
Rolls are 12' long
☐ 3/8" 1.25 ea.
☐ 1/2" 1.65 ea.

EXTRA WHEEL, 2.00
☐ Yes ☐ No

NOTE: Do not order both sizes of tape unless you order the extra wheel.

AD NO. 26087

W. H. BRADY CO.
EST. 1914

719 West Glendale Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Tape Products,Identification and Labeling Systems, Self Bonding Nameplates, Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape.

6826

LETTERS

Middle Eastern Mirage

Discussing the Middle East situation in The Week for November 19, you report that, following a dogfight between Israeli Mirages and Egyptian MiGs, there were "the usual claims from each side about losses by the other." There is an explicit and implicit error here. The Israelis made no claim about Egyptian losses as a result of the air battle. More important in my estimation is the implication that the military claims by both sides—"the usual claims"—are more or less on a par as to accuracy and reliability. (This is presumably how a reader understands the phrase, "the usual claims from each side.") This has been proven incorrect innumerable times. Non-Arab and non-Israeli observers, wherever their sympathies may lie, agree that the military statements of Israel are generally correct and those of Egypt often are not. The most striking instance to date are the astronomical figures of plane losses inflicted on the enemy, announced by both sides on the first day of the June 1967 war. On the surface, both figures seemed absurd. Subsequently the Israeli announcement proved correct, and the Egyptian one, mirage.

Yonkers, N.Y. BERT E. ROSENSTOCK

Herberg on Protestantism

Sunday after Sunday of lifeless, irrelevant, and *irreverent* sermons have at last found their justification. My appreciation for Will Herberg's "The Plight of American Protestantism" [Nov. 5] is consummate. Hopefully, it will receive more attention than has W. A. Visser't Hooft's *No Other Name;* realistically, I doubt that it will.

I speak as a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. I am dismayed to find that my Church's prestige has sunk too low to have warranted Mr. Herberg's needed attention.

Ambler, Pa. J. P. MORRIS JR.

Will Herberg is probably correct, in writing about American Protestantism [*NR*, Nov. 5] to point out that WCC nonsense at Uppsala has not aroused reaction "among the masses of the lay people"; but the thousands of readers of the *Presbyterian Layman,* published by Presbyterian Lay Committee, Inc., right over there at 1107 Broadway, New York, got a good whiff of it, which certainly is a precondition to a reaction, though as good Presbyterians, "masses" we are not—yet.

Will you inform Will Herberg of the existence of the PLC and the *Layman*? If (you or) he checks at the Committee's headquarters, I'm sure there'll be ample

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evidence that thousands of families were directly informed. Perhaps declining per capita pledges to the United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. are—or will be—indirect evidence of our reaction.

In our congregation, members can't give exclusively to any local project. We give to a "program," and a clique relays some percentage to the NCC (and hence, WCC). As a consequence, I'm cutting my total pledge in half this year and giving my dollars to nonpolitical Christian causes.

Detroit, Mich. ROBERT T. SWARTZ

More Bloviation

R. N. Usher-Wilson's letter [Nov. 5] raises my eyebrow, but the response of "Ed." my hackles. The good dominie (for Usher-Wilson, in modesty, forbore to flaunt his cloth) has simply consorted with the lower class of dictionary. Had he consulted a good workmanlike Funk & Wagnalls (e.g. *New Standard Dictionary of the English Language,* 1913 edition as revised in 1938), he would have found, much to his delight, the following exquisite gem of unbloviated lexicography: *"blo'via'tion . . . n. Loud, defiant, boastful talk; blowing.* Literary Digest *Oct. 23, '09, p. 666."* The word was particularly popular as an elegant variation in the United States during the second half of the nineteenth century. I believe Mark Twain indulged a certain fondness for it.

Now I pass to the more heinous lapse, the editor's claim to having invented this fulsome lip-shaping word. Many things, among them not a few both noble and sightly, the "Ed." and his merry crew may rightly lay claim to having introduced into civil discourse—but bloviation never. Bloviation belongs exclusively to publishers.

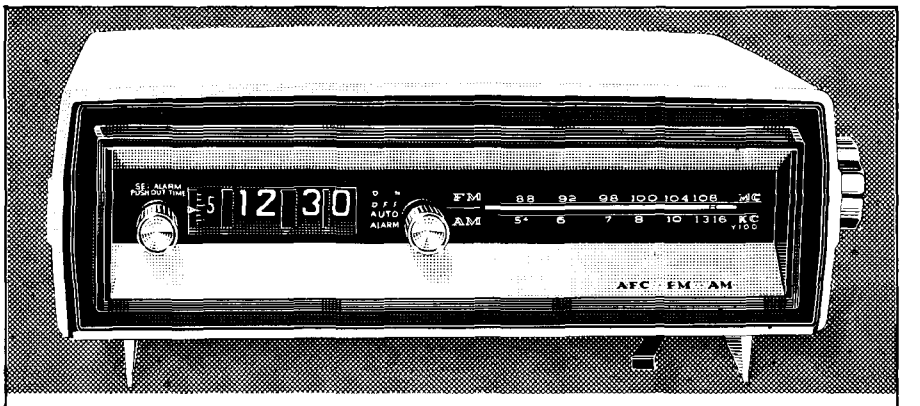
WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

. . . Judging from the tone of your editorials, which I enjoy very much, I'm sure that you are indeed capable of making up the word, especially if you discover at a critical moment that none of the other several hundred thousand English ones don't seem to fit the occasion. I admire your zeal.

I wonder, however, whether in this instance you may have overlooked the fact that one of our Presidents, the late and hardly lamented Warren G. Harding, is reputed to have used the word "bloviate" to describe some of his own utterances.

Mr. Harding's chief qualification for public office was considered by many to have been a something more than modest talent in chuffing wind into the small end of a bass horn, a "tin grunt," or a "helicon," to some of the older devotees. This process was accomplished by pressing down one or more of the valve buttons installed partway along such cumbrous but useful plumbing. By dint of years of devoted practice of this art Mr. Harding found that he could attract much attention by this use of his personal wind, especially if he pressed the right valves down.



perfectionist?

If you **are** such a latter-day Phineas Fogg our new **DIGITAL CLOCK/RADIO** will give you much pleasure and satisfaction. The 10 transistor RADIO provides full AM-FM coverage with drift-free FM assured by Automatic Frequency Control. It has volume, range and fidelity that will amaze you in a unit of such compact size.

The DIGITAL CLOCK allows exact time "read-out" at a glance! It's never off so much as a second. The alarm will rouse you with music or with a most authoritative buzz. All this "perfection" in a slim, trim case (10x3x6") to discreetly grace a bedside table, kitchen shelf, desk and add fine music and the right time to any room in your home. And the price! Even Ebenezer Scrooge couldn't resist.

☐ Send me the DIGITAL CLOCK/AM-FM RADIO. My check for $50.95 ($49.95 plus $1 post. & ins.) is enclosed. Guaranteed for 1 year. Return for refund in 10 days if not delighted. (California residents add 5% tax.)

NAME

ADDRESS

ZIP

NR 1203 584 Washington, San Francisco, Ca. 94111. haverhill's

haverhill's

name-dropper stamp-pen

from Italy is the cleverest and most useful pen we've ever seen. First, it's a splendid **4-COLOR BALLPOINT.** A flick of your thumb selects the right color for any job. Most important, the cap contains a complete **STAMP (AND STAMP PAD) WITH YOUR NAME AND FULL ADDRESS** (including Zip!) Now you can "drop your name" instantly on checks, receipts, books, envelopes, or anything you wish to identify—easily and quickly. Choose the Standard *Chrome Model or the Goldplated Model,* pictured here and fit for a tycoon! Either comes with **STAMP INK, EXTRA STAMP PAD** and an **EXTRA SET OF 4-COLOR BALLPOINT REFILLS.**

HAVERHILL'S, 584 Washington, San Francisco 94111
☐ **CHROME $6.95** ☐ **DELUXE GOLDPLATED $9.95**
I enc. check for this amount (plus $1 post. & ins.) Calif. res. add 5% tax. Even though personalized, I may return for refund in 10 days if not delighted. Guaranteed one year.

NAME

ADDRESS

ZIP

Note: Fill in above lines as they will appear on stamp.

tireless name-dropper stamp-pen NR 1203

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Latin Mass

The beauty of the Latin Mass can still be yours—on record. "Missa Ave Verum" sung by the Columbians, famous male choir, Mater Dei Council, Knights of Columbus. RCA's finest quality 33-1/3 LP, mono. 40 min. in length.

The Complete Mass Sung In Latin

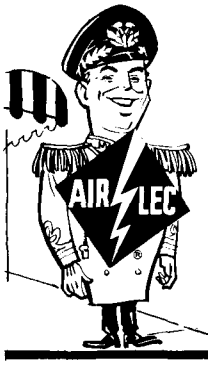
Appreciated by shut-ins. A wonderful gift.

For prepaid delivery, send $3.50 ($3.00 each for 5 or more) to:

LATIN MASS
dept. NR
P.O. Box 1777
Indianapolis
Indiana 46206

industrial *DOOR AUTOMATION*

There are AIR-LEC *door operators for sliding, swinging, folding and overhead doors in commercial or industrial buildings*



send for bulletin
S-69

AIR-LEC
Industries, Inc.
3300 Commercial Ave.
Madison, Wis. 53714
Phone: 608 • 244-4754

After assuming high office, in the parlance of other days, Mr. Harding achieved some notoriety as a "blow-hard," i.e., a strenuous exuder of flatulence accompanied by speech. Turning such a questionable compliment to happier use, he used to say that he would "bloviate" a little bit for various assemblages. Thus came into some modest usage the term which you have turned into a sort of noun when originally it was a verb.

Although I can't cite chapter, book, verse, page, or line, I believe you will find corroboration of this essay's central theme if you will refer to Mr. Harding's usually unflattering biographies.

I hope this doesn't break your rice bowl, or spoil your day.

Yours for more neologisms and some new adaptations of the old words to tell things as they are.

Harrisburg, Pa. ROBERT J. DEMER

Good Black Power

Before launching into a diatribe I wish to state that I am 1) a conservative, 2) a reader of NATIONAL REVIEW, 3) an admirer of Mr. Nathaniel Weyl's book, *The Jew in American Politics*. However, I take strong exception to the narrow and totally negative view of *NR* in general and Mr. Weyl in particular toward black power and toward Malcolm X.

First as regards "black power." In my opinion the spectrum of doctrine and activity collectively lumped under that fiery term encompasses both some of the most positive and the most negative forces at work in America. It certainly behooves intelligent conservatives to make the proper distinctions. Mr. Weyl and other authors of *NR* have sufficiently berated the negative aspects of black power; therefore, I will limit my comments to the positive.

To the extent that black power means pride, individual responsibility and the desire to use one's own initiative, there is no more positive or "American" force at work in our society. All of my contacts with militant blacks have led me to believe that this is indeed the prime mover uniting them. I see a yearning for a piece of the action and individual rights, responsibility and dignity in the best capitalist tradition. Despite some fuzziness about such terms as capitalism and socialism, based on a lack of understanding of the terms (a fault shared by most white Americans) there was (nor is there likely to be again) no better spokesman than Malcolm X. He taught that people should put their own lives in order as the first priority. He urged his people to get off the drugs, alcohol, gambling, etc., that made them economic and spiritual slaves. He then said it would be possible for the black to acquire economic and political power (as other minorities in America have). He did not preach "genocide" as Mr. Weyl indicated. Rather, when he said don't be nonviolent if others are violent against you, he was preaching the right of self-defense, a right that should be denied no American or free person anywhere.

Wellesley, Mass. BURTON I. NOYES

The Sugar Vacuum

In regard to Richard W. Pih's letter [*NR*, Oct. 22] in criticism of Nathaniel Weyl's review of a *Teachers' Guide* by Loren Katz, I am not particularly qualified to comment on the industrial developments attributed to "Negro heroes" except in one instance, i.e. his point relative to "Rillieux's vacuum."

Actually, with all due respect to Mr. Pih and his information source, Rillieux was not the inventor of the vacuum pan. The recent Xerox Corp. television broadcast where Bill Cosby held up a sugar cube and made so much of Rillieux's alleged invention was erroneous and highly misleading.

Norbert Rillieux was born in 1806. He was sent to France by his wealthy father to complete his education, as was often done under the social system which prevailed in New Orleans at that time. There he studied under some French sugar manufacturing experts and met others. In 1833 he returned to New Orleans and entered the Louisiana sugar industry.

There is a statement in Senatorial Document No. 50, 1845, that Rillieux conceived his system of multiple effect evaporation in 1832. However, his first patent was U.S. No. 3237 in 1843. It shows two Howard vacuum pans connected in series. It was not until his second patent, i.e. U.S. No. 4879 in 1846, that he described an apparatus which functioned as a multiple effect evaporator.

Rillieux did not invent the vacuum pan, which is the apparatus in which sugar is crystallized. That apparatus was invented years before by an Englishman named Howard. His was the first vacuum evaporator. Some thirty years after Howard invented the vacuum pan, Rillieux attempted to assemble a double effect evaporator by joining two Howard vacuum pans in series so that vapors from the first body would boil the solution in the second body while the latter was under reduced pressure commonly known as a vacuum. The most that can be said for Rillieux's contribution is that he worked in the Louisiana sugar industry and there contributed to the development of the multiple effect evaporator. He also promulgated Rillieux's "three principles" in multiple effect evaporation, all of which were previously known although not described in exactly the same words. Of these "three principles," no one would question the first which had been established earlier by Stein, Pecquer and others, and is correct provided that each body of a multiple effect is supplied with a solution at its boiling temperature. The "second principle" is roughly correct. His "third principle" states the obvious fact that as steam is condensed, the air and other noncondensable gases must be vented from the apparatus.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For one who is familiar with one facet of Negro history to find such distortions in the role attributed to Rillieux is to wonder how much additional erroneous material is now being published. Nathaniel Weyl is undoubtedly more nearly correct than his critics would have us believe.
Houston, Tex. TRUMAN B. WAYNE

Right or Left?

In your October 22 issue [The Week] you comment: "Soviet propaganda denounces the right-wing National Democratic Party (NDP) as one proof of reviving Nazism and revanchism, and demands its dissolution."

If NDP is neo-Nazism why should it be called "right wing"? National Socialism and Red Fascism are birds of a feather, both being brutally totalitarian. Henceforth, please keep the record straight and place the neo-Nazis on the left side of the fence where they belong.
San Pedro, Cal. JOHN W. SCANNELL

Labor and the Negro

It was certainly an unexpected pleasure to find Murray Kempton sitting in with a contemporary conservative point of view in the Guest Editorial in your October 8 issue. I had to be impressed, albeit somewhat startled, at his recognition of the contribution that has been made by organized labor over past decades to the systematic exclusion of the Negro from his legitimate share in our economic growth. I have to suspect, however, that it is a function of Mr. Kempton's liberal heritage that has caused him to miss the broader implications of the problem. For years, in catering to one of their most important captive voting blocs, liberal politicians in office have paid a portion of their election debt by studiously refraining, either by word or deed, from discouraging organized labor's maintenance of a highly parochial operation to the virtual exclusion of Negroes and other non-white workers. Thus excluded, Negroes of the nation's working force have remained largely unskilled and have been forced to eke out an existence at marginal jobs.

With this antecedent condition established by an extra-legal organized labor, the crusher is then applied by the liberal Establishment in the form of unremitting increases in the minimum wage standard. These increases, of course, bring about profit constrictions that result in automation of marginal jobs with the consequent displacement of the unskilled workers who held those jobs.

The liberal/labor complex has thus conspired mightily in keeping the hapless Negro crushed between the two faces of this relentless vise, and it seems to me to be a neat cop-out when Mr. Kempton attempts to credit the plight of the Negro so completely to the American workingman's protectionist defense mechanism. A large measure of the blame for this foolish cruelty must also be fairly ascribed to a persistent aberration of the liberal mentality.
New York, N.Y. CHARLES M. MONROE

Chavez v. Mendoza

With all due respect to your ability to gather information, I submit that you may have been led somewhat astray on the question of grapegrowers of California and their current conflict with UFWOC's Cesar Chavez [The Week, Oct. 8].

The key argument voiced again and again by the growers has been that the workers don't want the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee to represent them. The growers maintain that the workers have demonstrated a preference for someone called José Mendoza. Chavez has repeatedly asked for elections among the workers to prove which contention of preference, his or the growers', is correct. The growers have chosen to reject this opportunity to prove that their Mendoza is the workers' choice.

What is one to think? In spite of a nationwide boycott against their product, the growers still refuse to ask their workers to choose between Mendoza and Chavez. I can only conclude that they have brought this boycott upon themselves, and they deserve whatever comes to them. If Mendoza is such a clear favorite, why don't they have their bloody election and prove it?
New York, N.Y. GEORGE HORWITZ

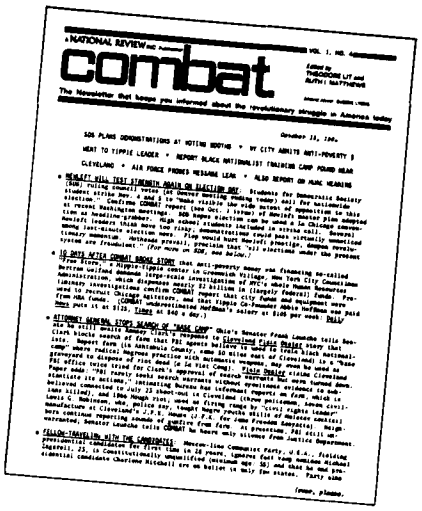
Semi-Free Speech

As a member of the Berkeley faculty I thank you heartily for the two articles about this campus [Oct. 8]. It is interesting to learn what is going on here.

One item, possibly not known to you, illustrates how devoted this faculty is to academic freedom. On October 16, 1967, the Berkeley Division of the Academic Senate restricted the freedom of members to engage in the research of their choice; it voted that, except in a state of national emergency, "no federal funds shall be accepted by the Berkeley campus that require 'classified' research."
Berkeley, Cal. RAPHAEL SEALEY

Anti-Gnostic Vigilance

We wish to commend Professor Hart for his sighting of "a Gnostic so pure that he ought to be measured, photographed, and exhibited everywhere" ["A New Gnostic Kook Book," Nov. 19]. We have referred the matter to our affiliate, the Anti-Gnostic Vigilance Committee, which has dispatched an agent to the scene; upon identification of the Gnostic, the agent is authorized to flip back his lapel and reveal a lethal "Don't let *them* immanentize the Eschaton" button to the Gnostic, causing him to disintegrate. Thus, a happy ending. Meanwhile, known Gnostics run free, pouring their eschatological pollutants into our very moral fibre. We strongly urge all citizens to cooperate in reporting all Gnostic sightings to us at once.
Larchmont, N.Y. THE SECRETARIAT
Our People's Underworld


A NATIONAL REVIEW INC. publication
combat
The Newsletter that keeps you informed about the revolutionary struggle in America today

"ALL AROUND YOU THE NEWLEFT IS ON THE MARCH, FANNING THE FLAMES OF REVOLUTIONARY VIOLENCE THAT MAY SOON ENGULF ALL AMERICA..."

Yes, for most Americans, what is happening in the streets of our cities seems unthinkable—was unthinkable just a few years ago. The institutions in which we were raised—church, school, local government—seem to be crumbling before our eyes into hopeless ineffectiveness. And still the revolutionary wave mounts higher.

BIGGEST STORY EVER

No doubt about it: today's revolutionary struggle is the biggest news story in America—yet the regular press covers only the surface of it! You see photos of the riots, the gunned-down police, the rampaging students—but you rarely catch more than a glimpse of the interlocking nature of the forces—or the individuals—responsible. Yet Americans need to know who these people are, and how this new web of subversion covers the nation (and much of the world!)

That need is the reason why of COMBAT, the new publication expressly designed to bring you unique and exclusive coverage of the ideas, the organizations and the individuals now working toward a radical transformation of our society. How well is COMBAT doing it's job? Very well indeed, to judge from the widespread and enthusiastic reader response—the growing number of people (including legislators and public officials from city councils to Washington) who are asking: "Is all this true? And if it is, what is being done about it?" Here is your opportunity to find out about COMBAT for yourself! If you use that handy coupon below now, you can obtain COMBAT's unduplicated behind-the-scenes coverage at a special low-cost introductory price!

HOW YOU CAN GET COMBAT

If you act now, you can get a trial introductory subscription to COMBAT for just $6.00 (Regular rate: $24 per year, available by subscription only). Or if you prefer, you may subscribe for a full year now. Just use the handy coupon below to order. (NB: COMBAT reserves the right to discontinue this offer without notice.)

COMBAT • Box 182 • Murray Hill Sta., N.Y.C., 10016
C-1

Gentlemen:
Please enter a subscription to COMBAT in my name for the next three months (six issues) at the introductory price of just $6.00. Thank you.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

☐ *I enclose payment of $6.00 per subscription (Sorry: we cannot accept charge orders on this offer!)*

☐ *I prefer to subscribe now for a full year at the regular $24 rate.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Columnist Drew Pearson says Richard Nixon visited a New York psychiatrist during the 1950s. Columnist Harriet Van Horne says Nixon was seeing the same doctor in the 1960s. Ron Ziegler of Nixon headquarters denies all. The doctor says Nixon saw him but for "medical" (i.e., not psychic) advice. The *New York Times* says Pearson did a disservice by airing the rumor. Harriet is glad Richard sought help. Drew thinks Richard needs more help before he gets his finger on the nuclear trigger. Drew and Ron disagree with Harriet and Richard. Actually, as everyone knows, the moon is composed of green cheese.

■ Mr. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. has written *(New York Times Magazine,* Nov. 17) an enormous article on Richard Nixon, in which he discovers that Mr. Nixon is "elusive" and may have a difficult time being President Of All The People. But he decides, at the end, and we thought he'd never get there, that Nixon "may yet achieve the capacity to move beyond himself and to serve the nation and the world." Along the way, the good professor announces that "history remains inscrutable" (a sad condition, to which A S Jr. has notoriously contributed), "and for four years Mr. Nixon will be the only President we have." That ought to keep the assassins in their places.

■ Although it read like the ketchup-stained scenario for a drive-in movie, William Bradford Huie's description in *Look* Magazine of the alleged assassin of Martin Luther King caused both liberals and conservatives to sit up and take notice. According to Mr. Huie, James Earl Ray is essentially one of those millions of suckers P. T. Barnum said were born every minute who, in this case, got involved in a sickening endeavor. The author adds that the plot was directed not so much at Dr. King (though it obviously was) as against the United States as a whole, a means by which to provoke intense hatred and bloodshed between the two races. All this verified —if one can possibly accept this as "proof" (which one cannot)—by letters written by Ray while in jail. We shall see.

■ The American Catholic bishops' statement concerning *Humanae Vitae* has occupied most of the public's attention. It is of course worth pondering. But it overshadowed the extraordinary endorsement by the bishops of the principle of selective conscientious objection, the big deal at the Protestants' meeting at Uppsala last summer. The bishops' reasoning was good so far as it went: it said, merely, that a humane society makes such provisions as it can in order to indulge the individual conscience. Fine. And obvious. But a) what rights has the society when it needs even the services of those with refractory consciences; and b) what are the social obligations of individuals to the majority that makes corporate decisions; and c) what about the offended conscience of the individual who does not wish to participate in a particular social scheme and asks pro tanto relief from taxation?

■ Notwithstanding that certain corridors received the news of the latest bombing halt in Vietnam with the tooting of trumpets, not *everybody* was convinced of the desirability of such a move. For instance Robert B. Hotz, editor-in-chief of *Aviation Week and Space Technology,* a widely respected McGraw-Hill trade publication:

a) "The five North Vietnam divisions withdrawn from South Vietnam battle areas [as a gesture of reciprocity] . . . were so battered in previous hard combat with U.S. and South Vietnam military forces that they could no longer operate effectively in the field anyway.

b) "The huge stockpiles of supplies that were bottlenecked in Haiphong because of the supply line bombing have long since been moved south. Railroads have been repaired and are running at full steam.

c) "Highway bridges and roads have been repaired in the north.

d) "At the very time that [U.S.] aerial strangulation, combined with hard ground fighting, had the North Vietnam forces on the ropes [below the nineteenth parallel] they were given time to regroup, reinforce and resupply. . . ."

■ A clutch of scientists from the nuclear powers (save China) has met in Stockholm and concluded that, finally, seismographs can tell the difference between an earthquake and an underground nuclear explosion. Which means that we can have a total test ban without the on-site inspection that the U.S. has insisted on, and the USSR has rejected, for oh-so-many years. Uh-huh. Except that the difference becomes clear only above the ten kiloton level, so that a flurry of tests of tactical nuclear weapons would read, on the world's seismographs, just like an epidemic of minor earthquakes. And then there is the interesting matter of the timing of the announcement: The scientists met in April and June; on June 27 Gromyko spoke favorably to the Supreme Soviet about resuming East-West negotiations for a test ban. Then came Czechoslovakia—and only now, with the West beginning to forget that, do we find 1)a test ban once again being talked of and 2) the conclusions of those scientists being released to the world—the first gun, obviously, in the campaign to persuade America that nobody needs tests, nobody needs inspections, nobody needs bombs and the Russians are our peace-loving buddies.

■ The troops that Moscow has moved into position on Czechoslovakia's western frontier and the buildup of Soviet naval strength in the Mediterranean "have sig-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nificantly altered the European balance of power," reported Supreme Commander Lyman Lemnitzer to the NATO meeting in Brussels. But though the assembled ministers roused themselves sufficiently to recognize how much the strategic facts had darkened since they met last summer in Reykjavik, they could not find the common will to take corresponding countermeasures. Each nation volunteered a token buildup of no military significance. No formal declaration on the Czech invasion was issued or even proposed. The session ended with a vaguely worded statement about what NATO might do in unspecified future circumstances: "Any Soviet intervention directly or indirectly affecting the situation in Europe or in the Mediterranean would create an international crisis with grave consequences."

■ The courage of the Czechoslovaks resisting Soviet occupation was equalled in Moscow last week at the funeral rites for Aleksei Y. Kosterin, a Russian writer who was expelled in October from the Communist Party and the Union of Soviet Writers because he had criticized the government. Major General Pyotr G. Grigorenko delivered the eulogy, a poignant and scathing attack on the Party leaders and the writer-sycophants who had expelled Kosterin from their ranks. Grigorenko said that "a person, in Kosterin's estimation, is a thinking being. Therefore nature has given him a striving for knowledge, that is, the need to critically evaluate reality, drawing one's own conclusions and freely stating one's convictions and opinions. For this Kosterin was terribly hated by those who believe that people exist to create a backdrop for 'leaders,' to applaud and shout 'hurrah' for them, to believe in them blindly, to pray for them, to endure without murmur all scorn of themselves and to quack with pleasure when into their trough is poured more fodder and richer fodder than into the other troughs." Soviet officials, using a loudspeaker, interrupted Grigorenko twice during the eulogy to tell him his time was up. He glanced at them angrily, then speeded up his delivery, struggling to contain his emotions. Many of the three hundred mourners pressed forward to kiss the forehead of the dead man, but a Party attendant, fighting against the crowd, nailed the coffin shut and ordered the lights turned off in the funeral hall. The mourners left, but only after Grigorenko had pledged in their behalf to continue the fight against the "damned machine" of Soviet totalitarianism and the rain kept falling.

■ Pro-Peking forces lost ground again in last week's UN vote to declare the Communists "the only lawful representatives of China" and to expel the Chinese Nationalists "from the place which they unlawfully occupy at the United Nations." Albania introduced the resolution, and the vote was 44 in favor, 58 opposed, 23 abstaining. Last year's vote was 45 in favor, 58 opposed, 17 abstaining. In 1965 the vote was 47 to 47, with twenty abstentions. At this rate, Senator Jacob Javits will rejoin the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Red China to the UN.

■ Last spring's pin-up campus-buster Mark Rudd has applied to his draft board for an occupational deferment as a revolutionary. In his letter Rudd, the son of an Army Reserve Lieutenant Colonel, applied for reclassification on grounds that it would be in the best interests of the nation. He may well be right, but in the square judgment of his local draft board chairman, occupational deferments are difficult to get and are normally granted only to those "in the healing arts."

■ Remember the howl that went up when draft deferments for graduate students were ended? Remember the dire predictions of hundreds of depopulated graduate schools closing their doors? The new rule went into effect this September, and so far the drop in enrollment has been less than 10 per cent.

■ By a vote of 8-1, the Supreme Court has ruled that Edgar Smith, convicted in 1957 of the murder of Victoria Zielinski in New Jersey, should not have been denied a hearing on the voluntariness of his so-called confession simply because his attorney insouciantly waived that hearing. Back goes the case to the Court of Appeals and, presumably, back in due course still further to the District Court for said hearing. It doesn't sound dramatic but in fact it is the first great legal victory of Edgar Smith, whose story was first published in NATIONAL REVIEW, and whose best-selling autobiography *Brief Against Death* was reviewed by John Chamberlin (Oct. 8), in what may prove to be the crucial turn leading, eventually, to his exoneration.

■ Oxford University Press is putting out a new, five-volume edition of the Old Testament, King James version, with contemporary, and they do mean contemporary, illustrations. Job's daughters in the nude. Susannah in a bikini. Moses in a business suit, talking into microphones. You-know-what in the Song of Solomon. In a hundred years we'll laugh at this.

■ *"Che,"* the $6-million movie being made by 20th Century Fox, is about "the person, not the movement," says its producer. How do you separate the two? But anyway, the flick has brought a mini-boom to Puerto Rico by hiring thousands of extras. There is no substance to rumors that five thousand Cuban refugees, dressed in green berets and led by John Wayne, are massing to attack the set.

Everybody Change Partners

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of both Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon in their effort to smooth the transition between old and new Administrations. In every government the transition between regimes is a time of awkwardness and potential crisis. External effectiveness is especially likely to be weakened because of the nation's preoccupation with its internal death and renewal. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem is made more difficult for us than for most other countries by the lengthy period between election and inauguration assigned by our Constitution—which in this provision is in truth outmoded by modern technology. We know from both distant and recent experiences—Hoover-Roosevelt and Truman-Eisenhower for conspicuous examples within many memories—how strained this interim can be.

So there was good cause for the old President and the President-to-be to get together, as they did, and to issue statements thereafter stressing the continuity particularly of the nation's foreign policy from the Johnson to the Nixon regimes. But though they were both to be presumed sincere in their intent to serve the nation's interest by this show of unity, naturally each sincerely relates his own special interests to the nation's. Thus, with respect to Vietnam, Lyndon Johnson wants to patch up his own Administration's record as best he can before he steps down, and to commit Nixon to a course that will not appear to repudiate that record. Nixon, on his side, wants to be free to carry on in his own way after January 20 but at the same time to avoid the charge that he has meanwhile sabotaged policy and the "search for peace" by failing to stand by the incumbent chief of government.

We are afraid that, in the public comments, counter-comments and revised comments made by the participants after the Johnson-Nixon discussion, it was the incumbent who got the better of the delicate maneuvering. Nixon slipped into a phraseology that came near to being a blank check covering any action Johnson might take between now and January 20. He motivated this by suggesting that Mr. Johnson had given him, in return, a veto power over any major foreign policy moves. Mr. Johnson, however, quickly quashed that interpretation of anything he might have said by reminding the public that he was still President and was going to be running foreign policy on his own sole responsibility for another two months. Mr. Nixon's staff re-explained in that light, but for many people the total impression was still of a blanket Nixon endorsement in the foreign policy field; and—who knows?—this may have been the impression that Mr. Johnson was aiming to get across.

It should be Mr. Nixon's prompt endeavor to erase whatever of that impression may still linger, unless he wants to risk saddling his Administration and the nation with what might prove a grievous burden. Surely it was not merely coincidental that Defense Secretary Clark Clifford uttered his sharp denunciation of South Vietnamese President Thieu shortly following the Nixon blank check remarks. If Mr. Johnson is determined to go ahead with the peace talks on a basis that gives the NLF an independent diplomatic recognition foreshadowing its entry into a coalition government and Thieu is resolved to the contrary, then . . . well, South Vietnamese Presidents are expendable, Mr. Johnson (or some of his advisers) may reflect, remembering how Jack Kennedy dealt with an earlier President of South Vietnam. Even if there were no deliberate decision, things might work out that way as the pressures are building. (It is an odd dilemma. For years the South Vietnam government has been denounced or dismissed as an American puppet. The moment it shows it isn't, everyone insists it ought to be.) Does Mr. Nixon want to underwrite that possibility in advance, and condemn himself to live with it? The only sure way to foreclose it would be a sober declaration, now, from Mr. Nixon that he and the nation won't stand for it.

Mark, Franc, Pound, Dollar

As we go to press, the stock markets are closed in New York and Paris, the gold markets are closed in Paris and London, and the international money markets are closed throughout the Western world. The immediate difficulty is said to be the speculative flight from the French franc to the West German mark. There are reports that France and Germany have taken protective action—France by slashing the budget for the coming year, Germany by raising taxes on imports and reducing the tax incentive for exports.

But the French budgetary "slash" turns out to be a reduction of 1.3 per cent and the amount of the German tax adjustments about 3 per cent. These trifling gestures can hardly be expected to do the trick. When the financial markets of the industrialized world have been closed in the face of growing panic, an adjustment of 1 per cent in next year's budget is nothing.

In all the talk so far we have heard no mention of the central fact in this situation: the fact of international monetary breakdown. Conservative economists have been pointing to the underlying weakness of the international monetary system for more than ten years, but the official response has taken the form of maneuvering and window-dressing. The London gold pool, the Group of Ten, the General Agreements to Borrow, the Roosa bonds, the currency swaps, the double-counting of gold reserves, the gimmicked-up accounting of international

Sick Call

Who held the Southern states, despite
The blandishments of Clifton White?
Who, after Reagan entered town,
Kept Reagan rooters dampened down?
Who made the coalition shun
A Rockefeller for The One?
Who helped South Carolina go
Against the Wallace undertow?
Who turned the "Southern strategy"
Into a famous victory?
Strom Thurmond did the dirty trick,
And that's why Walter Lippmann's sick.

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

payments—all of these monetary high-jinks and financial hocus-pocus have kept The System going and have led many observers to conclude that the crisis can be staved off forever and forever.

The indisputable meaning of the present situation is that the old magic has lost its touch. Swap arrangements now totaling $10 billion are insufficient to respond to a speculative run on the franc. A devaluation of the franc cannot be undertaken without toppling the pound sterling. The pound sterling cannot be devalued to a rational point without bringing down the dollar. The bankers of the world are huddled in Europe and the markets are closed.

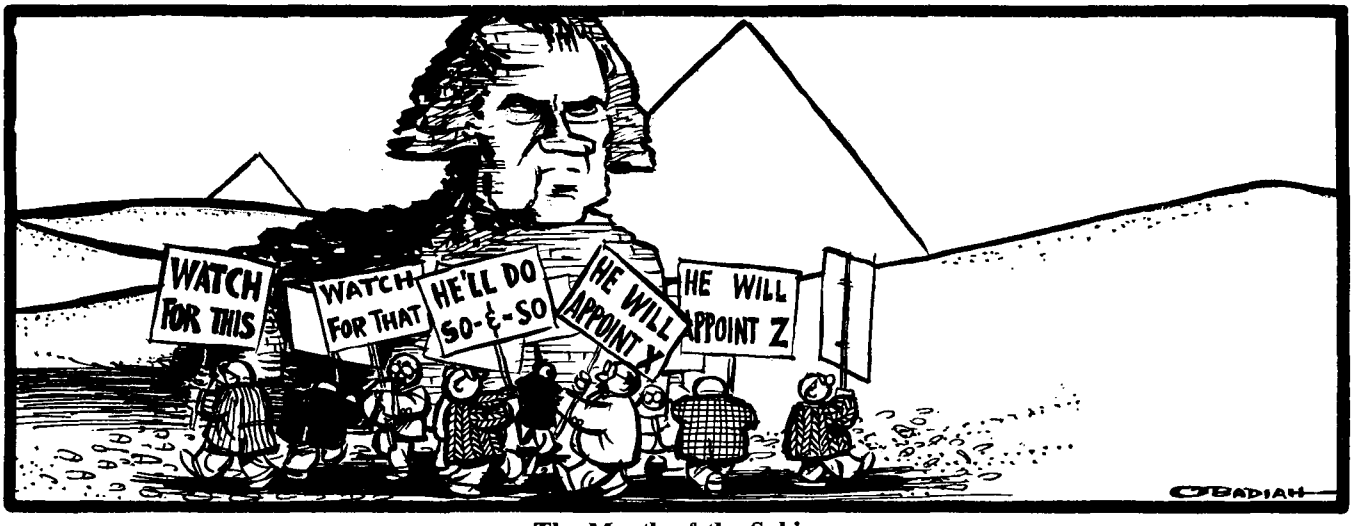
From this point on, it will no longer be possible to maintain that the present international monetary setup is adequate to the needs of the times. The United States has established an embargo on gold shipments. The free market price of gold is above the level that the "two-tier" system can tolerate. Something has to give. Undoubtedly President Johnson will do everything he can to pass the (ailing) buck to Richard Nixon. Our bet is he'll succeed, and Nixon will inherit the whirlwind.

Teacher, May We Please Ask a Question— And Not in Swahili?

New York's one million school children are, for the present at least, back in the city's antiquated, disorderly, mismanaged, ill-housed schools. Just about everybody is vastly relieved—especially the teachers and their hetman, Albert Shanker, who have demonstrated once again the power of public employees to get almost anything they want by staging illegal strikes. Not everything they want, to be sure; the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school district, part of an experiment in decentralization that the teachers' union has been fighting almost from the start, has not been razed and sown with salt. But it has been bound over to a state trustee who faces the near impossible task of running its eight schools, getting rid of three very popular principals, and reinstating 79 union teachers whom the local board removed because they allegedly tried to sabotage the decentralization experiment—all tasks assigned him in a settlement between City and union to which the Ocean Hill-Brownsville board was not a party. And at any moment there may be trouble—from the local community, which wants a voice in the education of its children (and which, on the bulk of the evidence, does not regard education as a matter of Swahili and kill-whitey), or from the union teachers, who are more hostile than ever to decentralization.

So, after a series of strikes that kept the children at home for 36 of the first 48 days of the school year, the future of decentralization remains in doubt—and with it a great many subsidiary matters. Such as the right to hire and fire: The union quails at the prospect of that right being given to local school boards; the phrase "job security" is ever on Albert Shanker's lips. Indeed, the strike was dragged out until the union got a court decision that the three Ocean Hill-Brownsville principals were hired illegally, because though they had full state certification, their names were not on the City civil-service list. But if the civil-service list is to remain sacred, New York will have the merest handful of black and no Puerto Rican principals for years to come—hardly a prospect to inspire confidence in the growing Negro and Puerto Rican communities. Moreover, if there is to be decentralization and community control, the union will have to contract with the local school boards on a district-by-district basis; industry-wide contracts are much nicer from the union point of view, enabling as they do industry-wide, city-wide strikes.

Then there is the matter of innovation, so impossible in a top-heavy bureaucracy; so simple when authority is decentralized and made responsive to community needs. As it is in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, which alone among the City's school districts has adopted bilingual teaching



The Month of the Sphinx

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Spanish-speaking children (so that they *learn* English before trying to learn *in* English, new reading programs adapted to ghetto youngsters, not mythical Dicks and Janes, and an upgraded teaching program in which duller pupils are given extra help while brighter ones are not held back.

Finally, there is the question of who is to benefit from the money expended on schools. A visitor to Ocean Hill was told not long ago: "These people won't stand anymore for a construction company coming in from Queens and building a five million dollar school with a crew of two hundred men, and only one of them black." Nor is the community happy to see money for operation and maintenance (the second largest item in the city's school budget) spent outside its borders.

For most ghetto neighborhoods, the school is the only unifying force. It can be a source of pride, uplift and even jobs and money for the community. Clearly, it is already something about which the community cares passionately, sometimes too passionately. It can be an alternative to apathy and despair on the one hand and suicidal destructiveness on the other—but only if the community's concern is backed up with a measure of community power, and only if a way is found to lay a specter which haunts the City from Ocean Hill to Morningside Heights —that of the televised basset-hound face of the president of the teachers' union, calling in mournful tones for yet another totally illegal, totally unpunished, totally destructive strike.

Make Way for Adam

Earl Warren, they say, is leaving his resignation on the Presidential desk even though it now means that Richard Nixon will be the one to appoint a new Chief Justice. But Judge Warren spotted one still intact clause of the old Constitution that he had somehow overlooked during his fifteen busy years as foreman of the Court. He has swung into emergency action to make sure that when he bows out next June no one will be able to challenge his right to report "Mission accomplished."

To any lawyer, judge, historian or political scientist of the pre-Warren era, no rule of our system of government could seem more unequivocally laid down in the words of the written Constitution and the precedents of our national history than that which is stated in Art. I, Sec. 5, par. 1 in these plain and simple clauses: "Each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its members. . . . Each House may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and with the concurrence of two-thirds expel a member." In exercise of this power the House of Representatives, by a vote of 307-116 in June 1966, refused, as it had done on prior occasions, to seat one of its members. The wisdom, prudence and even the morality of this action are of course open to discussion; the House of Representatives, like other assemblies of human beings, can make mistakes. But, prior to Nov. 19, 1968, no court had ever questioned the principle that the House and the House alone possessed the power so to act, and that only the House could correct or reverse such a decision. This was the prompt and unclouded finding of both the Federal District Court and the U.S. Court of Appeals when the expelled member asked the judicial branch to intervene: it is, the courts replied, none of our business.

However, this was not an ordinary petitioner, but Adam Clayton Powell, and, in the final juridical putsch, not an ordinary court, but the Warren Court. So on November 19 the Warren Court, once more smashing through plain words and fixed precedent, declared, by a writ of certiorari, that it will hear and dispose of Mr. Powell's complaint. Powell was naturally re-elected this November to the 91st Congress; forgive and forget was in the air. He had, to the surprise of many, indicated that he would drop his battle over the 1966 ouster and his claim to the 22 years' seniority and would enter peaceably with the status of freshman. On their side the House leaders seemed ready to settle on that basis. But the Warren Court is spoiling for one last bruising constitutional fight. We shall soon see whether Congress will oblige. If the legislature has not wholly surrendered to the Warren Court's claim of total judicial supremacy, they will simply ignore all court proceedings and orders *re* Powell's relations with the Congress.

Meanwhile all remains quiet on another of Powell's many fronts. Though the matter of his alleged misappropriations of government funds and his kickback arrangements with his wife and other congressional employees was aired in Congress and the public print, no word concerning these doings has come from the Department of Justice other than the statement, long long ago, that they were "under investigation." What have been the results of that investigation, one sometimes wonders?

French Turn?

Diplomatic circles predict that the new U.S. Administration may be able to thaw out Franco-American relations, which have been in a deep freeze during the Johnsonian years. Semanticists noted that General de Gaulle's message of congratulation to Mr. Nixon went beyond routine protocol by conveying *"chaleureuses"* [very warm] as well as *"cordiales félicitations."* The knowledgeable French weekly, *l'Express,* remarks in its issue of 11-17 November:

"For months [de Gaulle] has been hoping for the victory of the Republican candidate. Why?

"In the first place, because General de Gaulle knows Mr. Nixon. He saw him for the first time in 1960, in the United States, and considered him especially alert and well-informed for a Vice President. Afterwards Nixon, as a lawyer whom most people thought finished in politics, visited Paris twice, and on both occasions the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President of the Republic saw him at length. He is not at all displeased that the verdict of the American people now confirms his judgment. De Gaulle believes that the idea Mr. Nixon has of America is in general compatible with the idea he has of France.

"A Californian by birth and a Republican by political conviction, the newly elected President has no wish to be world policeman. From that premise there follows a tendency, on his part, to conceive 'the Atlantic outlook' in terms of an alliance among sovereign nations. According to General de Gaulle, Mr. Nixon might therefore be less hostile than his Democratic predecessors to the development of the French nuclear arm.

"However, the interview President de Gaulle had in September with Governor Scranton, Mr. Nixon's chief adviser on foreign policy, was not very promising. Mr. Scranton—who thought it a good idea to pay a visit on the same day to Mr. Jean Monnet [United Europe enthusiast, in bad odor with de Gaulle]—seemed strongly attached to the ideas of European integration and Atlantic cooperation."

Fighting Poverty

Dr. Amitai Etzioni, director of the Center for Policy Research, has come up with figures purporting to show that the celebrated War on Poverty isn't doing very well. Indeed, his figures suggest that this country made greater inroads on poverty during the Truman and early Eisenhower years than during the 1960s. Between 1964 and 1966 the percentage of families defined as poor dropped by 1.05 points per year—whereas the drop was 1.6 points yearly between 1949 and 1952 and 1.15 points yearly from 1952 and 1956.

Dr. Etzioni guesses that the Great Society approach was off target in that it attempted to change the attitude of poor people rather than simply create jobs for them. He also places some blame on the increasing demands of the military budget.

Well, you might make other conclusions too. Dr. Etzioni's figures show that 31 per cent of all families were "poor" in 1949 and 15.5 per cent in 1965. Assuming that there is always an irreducible minimum of poor families, it stands to reason that the closer we get to that minimum the harder it will be to reduce the percentage of the poor. So a drop of one point in 1966 is perhaps twice as great an achievement as a drop of one point in 1950. The good Professor uses his numbers to argue for a vast new national program to fight poverty. It is at least plausible that the fight has largely been won.

Toronto Telegram Ben Roth Agency

"Bet you we don't even get a 'thank you' note . . ."

Alas, Harass

Why is it folks of every class,
Instead of harass, say harrass?
In Gotham, where the teachers blast
The mayor when they feel harassed,
I work off my embarrassment
By muttering, it's harassment.
But how can I instruct the masses
If Lindsay, too, intones "harrasses"?
It's harass! Webster's quite clear-cut.
"Harassing" gets me in the butt.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ From the recent mail:

Dear Mr. Buckley:

WBRD Radio Station of Bradenton, Florida has a program called "Talk of the Town" and most of the time we call in and complain about the high cost of water and the activities of the County commissioners, but since you are involved in so much controversy I decided to involve you in this program. And since you never use a small word where a large one exists I called our local radio and asked the commentator what you could possibly have meant by, "Avuncular"? He didn't know but he loved it and about half the population of this city looked it up in their various reference books. Uncle? Pawnbroker: humorous reference?

I got you in will you get me out? I could not remember the sentence or the context of the sentence in which you used our "new word" and about half the population are questing to know. Seth Taft had no trouble at all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understanding you and your college audience used the word right back to you but most of us hold degrees right out of public school 76 in New York City and so the retired folks down here, (who talk to themselves a great deal) are walking around saying, Avuncular? It would boost our morale forever if you had used the word incorrectly but no such luck, so please, what was the sentence and what did you mean?

Mary B. Brennan
Bradenton, Florida

Dear Mrs. Brennan: I cannot remember what I said, or whom I was referring to. Somebody, or something, patronizing, benevolently so—uncly, a word which doesn't exist and shouldn't but which if it did, would exactly mean what avuncular does. Say hello to the girls. W.F.B.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

You ridiculous ass.

If you really enjoy screaming about so-called left-wingers in academia, you have a long job ahead of you. Part of the reason there are so many of them is that anyone with any brains is what you people label "left-wingers."

Fortunately the people who run universities ignore you. At Wayne State University there is an Assistant Professor of Philosophy named Richard Sharvy who is permitted to teach classes filled with young impressionable minds even though he is under a federal indictment for draft refusal.

That's because nobody who matters pays any attention to clowns like you.

Sincerely
Richard Sharvy
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Mr. Sharvy: Ho ho ho! Nobody who matters pays any attention to us, eh? Ho ho ho. See you in the Mekong Delta, Sharvy. W.F.B. (Copy, Tricky Dick.)

Dear Mr. Buckley,

My name is Tish Willis and I am a 14-year-old girl. Many people think I am weird because I like you. I don't think so. I am perhaps your greatest fan! I read your column (in the *News American*) every time its in there. My social studies teacher who is pro-Humphrey asked us who we thought would be president in 1972. I said "If Nixon chooses not to run (notice how I throw these clever ones in?), that I think Ronald Reagan will run and win." Then my teacher said "Who would you like to see in the White House, out of anybody?" There were the typical answers such as McCarthy, Lindsay and then I said, "William Buckley." Half of the class said "Who's he?" (They're so dumb!) And the other half laughed. So did my teacher. I hope you won't throw this letter out because I'm just a 14-year-old girl, but, after all, in 7 years I'll be a voter and I will be voting the Republican conservative ticket (and theirs not many of us left!) I would like to ask you a question, Mr. Buckley, if you don't mind. Do you think we should lower the voting age? I am against it. I think it should be raised to 25. If I seem a bit garrulous, I will stop writing, but could you please, maybe, write back? Love,

Tish Willis
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Tish: I think you should be allowed to vote, but not the other girls in your class, and certainly not your teacher. Love, W.F.B.

Dear Mr. Buckley

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and your circulation staff for the fine opportunities you all have made available to me lo these many years. During my years of fealty to *NR* (approx 10) I have each and every-time taken advantage of your renew-your-subscription-now-save-us-money-hook-a-friend sweepstakes.

However, I am unable to avail myself of your October 7th offering.

Basically there are three reasons for my copping out, as it were.

First: I am renewed so far into the future that any additional renewals could conceivably outlive myself. *NR* subscriptions are, as I understand it, not passed on from one generation to another.

Second: If I were to pre-renew again, the savings will have to be treated as long term capital gains, a luxury which, unfortunately, I cannot afford.

Finally: Having taken advantage of your save-us-and-you money offers so many times in the past, I have saved so much money that I thought I was rich. So I bought a new car. However, to my dismay, I am advised that my *NR* money saved is only on paper. My car payments, on the other hand, are not.

In short, Mr. Buckley, I am broke. But since I am only 26-years old I am confident that I can outlive my pre-renewals, and in so doing achieve financial independence once more; at which time I will be able to once again avail myself of your lucrative offers. If you can reward this simple request of a devoted *NR* reader (I've subscribed for almost 40 per cent of my life), you shall always retain the present high esteem of your faithful servant,

David A. Swift
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Mr. Swift: Why not sell your car, and buy more subs? Advertise it in our Classifieds. W.F.B.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Congratulations! Never have I subscribed to a magazine and had it arrive so promptly. Thanks for a great service.

Nancy Rice
Houston, Texas

Dear Miss Rice: It must have been an accident. You just can't trust those machines. Regards, W.F.B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES BURNHAM

THE SOCIALIST COMMONWEALTH

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

On the day after the invasion of Czechoslovakia the Soviet press explained that imperialists, working with revanchist elements in West Germany, had been planning aggression against the socialist nations. The deteriorating situation in Czechoslovakia, caused by counter-revolutionary forces abetted by the imperialists, opened a breach that endangered all socialist countries. It became their common task to close that breach.

Within a few days, *Pravda,* official organ of the Soviet Communist Party, elaborated the apologia. The invasion cannot be judged by bourgeois conceptions of international law or bourgeois interpretations of "sovereignty" and "independence," but only by the requirements of the international class struggle and the proletarian revolution. So viewed, it was a socialist duty.

From the governments of the imperialist world the response to this analysis by *Pravda,* like the response to the fact of the invasion, was nothing at all, or almost nothing. And yet this pronouncement of *Pravda*'s is surely remarkable enough in its implications to deserve, one would think, some notice. *Pravda* is not merely justifying a particular act of open aggression. It is declaring that, with respect to relations among nations, the Soviet leadership and government do not consider themselves bound by the norms of international law and custom. Any and all treaties, charters, agreements and precedents are subject to interpretation, modification or annulment in practice, according to the dictates of the higher laws of the class struggle and the revolution.

How About It?

Hearing no objection from outside and having, presumably, put its own house into sufficient order, the Soviet leadership proceeded to expand its dialectic. On November 12, addressing a congress of the Polish Party in Warsaw, Leonid Brezhnev, General Secretary of the Soviet Party, put the doctrine this way:

"When the internal and external forces hostile to socialism seek to turn back the development of any socialist country to restore the capitalist order, when a threat emerges to the cause of socialism in that country, a threat to the security of the Socialist Commonwealth as a whole, this is no longer a matter only for the people of the country in question, but it is also a common problem which is a matter of concern for all socialist countries.

"It goes without saying that such an action as military aid to a fraternal country to thwart the threat to the socialist order is an extraordinary measure. It can be caused only by the direct actions of the enemies of socialism inside the country and beyond its boundaries."

There is nothing really new in this doctrine, but what is notable is its unequivocal reaffirmation in the provocative context of the Czech invasion.

Several commentators have described it as "a Soviet Monroe Doctrine." The analogy is deceptive. The Monroe Doctrine was limited both geographically and qualitatively—to attempts by European powers to extend their political systems to the Americas. The Brezhnev Doctrine is on a higher metaphysical level. The "Socialist Commonwealth" is assigned no geographical boundaries. They can be stretched as far as the Kremlin chooses not only to Rumania and Yugoslavia, but to Cuba, Vietnam, Korea and China, to (why not?) Tanzania, Egypt, Algeria, Burma. . . . The Monroe Doctrine declares it the policy of the U.S. Government *not* to intervene in the internal affairs of the American nations but to accept their de facto governments. The Brezhnev Doctrine motivates intervention, including military intervention, wherever there is "a threat to the socialist order," whenever "internal and external forces hostile to socialism seek to turn back the development of any socialist country." It is for the revolutionary leadership to determine whether and where a threat exists and what action to take to meet it.

Nothing in the Brezhnev Doctrine restricts appropriate action to "the Socialist Commonwealth," however elastically defined. If the threat to socialism comes from "external forces," external action against these may be the correct means for defending the Commonwealth. Thus the Brezhnev Doctrine justifies intervention in any nation whatever, whenever the leadership discerns a threat to socialism coming from that nation. But according to Marxism, capitalism (or any other form of class society) is a threat to socialism so long as it exists. Therefore socialist (i.e., Communist) intervention is always justified in every nation; it is limited only tactically, by the resources and power available to the Communists at the given moment.

Naughty, Naughty

This Brezhnev doctrine and *Pravda*'s appeal to the higher laws of the class struggle are not just abstractions or, as our political leaders say, "campaign oratory." They are operational directives as well as statements of principle. Communists *do* intervene in all nations to the extent of their capabilities; they *do* subordinate treaties and diplomatic agreements to what they deem the interests of the revolution. An oath to an infidel does not bind.

So Dean Rusk took the floor at the NATO meeting to proclaim: We're going to be very cross at the *next* Czechoslovakia; meanwhile let's get down to negotiating another nuclear control treaty.

Our leaders, having long since stopped taking their own words seriously, can't believe anyone else's could be serious. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOMINATION TRIUMPH

The famous 'Southern strategy' helped win the nomination for Barry Goldwater in San Francisco. This year, Richard Nixon rolled out a Southern strategy of his own that set him on the road to the White House

What Happened at Miami Beach?

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

We all tend to see what we expect to see, even when it isn't there. Mark Twain loved to tell of the occasion, during his boyhood in Hannibal, Mo., when Henry Clay—widely hailed as "the biggest man in Kentucky"—came to town to speak on the Fourth of July. The young Tom Sawyers and Huck Finns of the vicinity were naturally agog to see him. "But shucks," Mark Twain would add reminiscently, "he warn't more'n ten feet tall."

When Mary McGrory, a female flack for liberalism who usually operates out of Washington, rolled into Miami Beach to cover the Republican convention there, it took her barely fifteen seconds to discover that "the romance with the Right is over." The rest of us, it seems safest to conclude, attended some other convention. In the one I was at, the entire liberal contingent was able to muster exactly 277 votes (out of 1,333) for its darling, Nelson Rockefeller. There were a few centrists, and these tended to support Richard Nixon. But the overwhelming majority of delegates were conservatives, ranging from the milder blends all the way out to the positively hydrophobic; and they were divided (cordially on the whole, but still divided) between Nixon and Ronald Reagan, with Nixon ultimately getting the lion's share.

To be sure, the *rhetoric* of 1968—as evidenced in the platform and most of the speeches, including Goldwater's—was considerably less apocalyptic than the stuff that sent Barry over the top in San Francisco. But let no one be deceived: this convention was not only largely composed of but firmly dominated by conservatives from beginning to end, and when Richard Nixon was nominated it was because, and only because, a majority of the conservatives present had decided to support him. The Goldwater convention victory of 1964, it should now be plain, was no fluke, no momentary aberration; the GOP is still in the hands of the same basically conservative coalition (Southern, Middle Western and Western) that won in San Francisco, and seems likely to remain there for the foreseeable future.

Two *Conservative Candidates*

To a veteran of the 1964 fracas, it was a weird and yet somehow almost enjoyable experience to see the conservatives so thoroughly in the saddle that they could afford the luxury of having *two* candidates, while Nelson Rockefeller pranced and mugged around the periphery with about as much influence on events as the time-and-temperature sign on the Federal Bank Building.

In a big yellow van near Gate Six of Convention Hall on the night of the balloting for President, Clif White presided for Reagan over much the same seasoned team that had engineered Goldwater's victory at the Cow Palace. On the convention floor itself, however, Nixon buttons were sported by many another hero of that famous battle four years ago: incontestable conservatives like John Tower and Peter O'Donnell of Texas, Strom Thurmond and Roger Milliken of South Carolina, "Bo" Callaway of Georgia, Everett Dirksen of Illinois (who had placed Goldwater's name in nomination at San Francisco), Carl Curtis of Nebraska, Charlton Lyons of Louisiana and a score of others. In Reagan Headquarters on the sixteenth floor of the Deauville Hotel, Robert Bauman (a former National Chairman of Young Americans for Freedom) and Alan MacKay (the incumbent) worked furiously for the California governor; a few blocks south, on the fifteenth floor of the Hilton, Tom Huston (who served as YAF's chairman after Bauman and before MacKay) slaved away for Nixon. Glancing up from my own eleventh-hour missionary endeavors for Reagan on the convention floor that Wednesday night, I found myself looking into the amused eyes of my good friend Bill Timmons, top strategist of the conservative YR "Syndicate," who just happened to be holding a walkie-talkie over which he could report my efforts to the Nixon trailer.

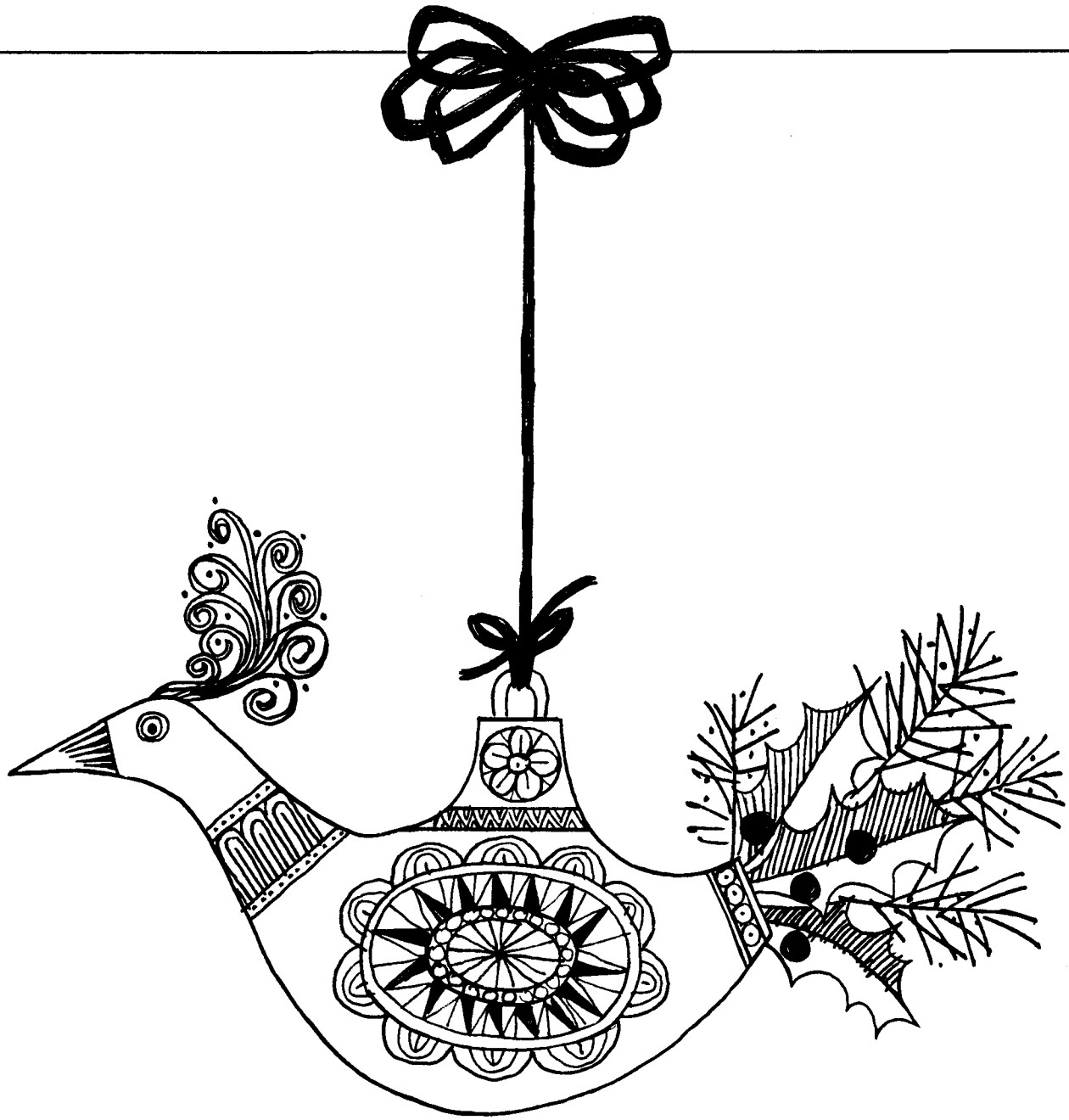
How did it happen? And anyway, just what *did* happen?

In retrospect, it seems clear that Barry Goldwater's own ringing endorsement of Nixon, 'way back in early 1965, was one of the most important boosts that Nixon's candidacy was to receive. If Nixon was good enough for Goldwater, it was hard for other conservatives to fault him without sounding more royalist than the king.

In subsequent months—say up through mid-1966—various other important conservatives, in some cases after consultation with Goldwater, also made up their minds to support Nixon in 1968. Among them was Jeremiah Milbank Jr., one of the key financial supporters of the Republican right. He may be taken as typical of many who felt that Nixon was "fundamentally sound," had earned the right to conservative support by his loyal work for Goldwater in 1964, and was in any case infinitely preferable to George Romney or Nelson Rockefeller, the apparent alternatives. Much the same considerations were simultaneously influencing some of conservatism's leading intellectuals, including Russell Kirk, James Jackson Kilpatrick and Bill Buckley.

It will be noted, however, that com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You can stand in
long lines, struggle with
surly salespeople, wait
at the wrapping desk,
fume at the Post Office
(to insure or not to insure?),
regret that you couldn't
wait for gift boxing, and
swear that next year
you won't get caught
in the Christmas rush—

OR

You can use the simple, fast, neat and efficient card facing this page to do a big part of your Christmas shopping right this minute. We don't claim that NATIONAL REVIEW is for everybody, of course, but it certainly makes a valuable, thoughtful gift—flattering to the recipients—a gift they will remember you for throughout the New Year. All full-year Christmas gift subscriptions just $9 (so you save on every one). We'll send a handsome gift card in your name. Use the card facing this page now (so your gift announcement card will arrive before Christmas).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paratively few *professional politicians* crossed the Rubicon and plumped for Nixon prior to the congressional elections of 1966. (Goldwater may be considered the exception, but in fact his personal style has never been that of a professional politician.) These cautious men—among them the leading conservative Republicans in the U.S. Senate, as well as virtually all of the Republican governors and the major state chairmen—were waiting to see what, and above all who, might emerge from the off-year electoral scramble; and sure enough, its outcome changed the political landscape considerably. In Michigan, George Romney won reelection by a margin that immediately triggered the liberal press into describing him as the "odds-on front-runner" for the 1968 nomination. In Illinois, the star of newly-elected Senator Charles Percy began to ascend. And in California, Ronald Reagan, an outspoken conservative with almost no political experience whatever, creamed Governor Pat Brown and rode into the Executive Mansion in Sacramento with a margin of a million votes.

'Favorite Son' Reagan

To be sure, Richard Nixon's own hard campaigning for Republican congressional candidates that year kept him in the public eye, and enabled him to claim a respectable share of the credit for the Republican upswing. But it is names that make news, and it was the new or newly-refurbished names tossed up by the elections of 1966 that began to rivet national attention.

Two of those names—Romney and Percy—were of negligible interest to conservatives. But Reagan was something else again, and the conservative Republicans who had publicly or semi-publicly endorsed Nixon before Reagan even tossed his hat into the gubernatorial ring now began to feel an acute necessity to minimize the obvious threat that Reagan posed to the Nixon candidacy. Some simply refused to admit that an ex-actor could ever become truly Presidential timber. Others, more sophisticated, began to suggest that Nixon was entitled to a run for the roses, but that Reagan should be held in reserve as an alternative conservative entry "in case Nixon stumbles." At California's swank Bohemian Grove, in July 1967, the two men were brought together by mutual friends, and some of those committed to Nixon went away feeling that an agreement along these lines had actually been reached. Others, more cordial to Reagan's own candidacy, noted that Reagan actually confined himself to stating that he wasn't, and would not become, an active candidate, but would remain California's "favorite son."

In point of fact, Governor Reagan was quite willing to accept the Republican nomination for President in 1968, if it could be had on any terms that left victory in November possible. This year he would turn fifty-eight, and was thus in no mood to wait four years, let alone eight, for his ship to come in. He was already the governor of America's largest state, and a campaigner of proven and formidable ability. He had no obligation to wait on Nixon's convenience, and he took care to incur none.

But two factors prevented Reagan from declaring himself an active candidate. One was the peculiar attitude of the people of California. Reagan felt, and rightly, that any Presidential chance he might have was dependent on a solidly successful administration as governor, yet success in this vital area could not effectively be combined with an active candidacy for President. Californians, unlike New Yorkers, do not yet take it for granted that their governor is almost automatically a Presidential prospect, and tend to resent his absences on such heady business. Every time Reagan left the state, the Democratic majority leader of the State Senate would slyly deplore the fact and publicly urge him to stay home. To Reagan, who regards his present office with profound respect, the plea was not only politically but personally irresistible.

But there was another and perhaps even more important consideration. Reagan had no lack of advisers who were sure he could defeat Nixon in various primaries (Nebraska and Oregon, to name only two), if he declared himself a candidate and waged a hard-hitting campaign in those states. But defeating Nixon, and thereby almost certainly terminating Nixon's chances for the nomination, would avail Reagan little if, in the process, Nixon's own hard-core supporters became so bitter toward Reagan that they would rather see Romney or Rockefeller win the nomination—or even see a Democrat win the Presidency—than let it go to the man who had vanquished their idol. In short, Reagan felt that, if the victory was to be more than Pyrrhic, he had to win the nomination with the help or (at a minimum) the grudging acquiescence of the Nixon bloc. Hence his carefully-chosen posture as a non-active favorite son.

It is easy, in the pure clear air of hindsight, to see the perils of this course; but then hindsight is always easy, and the alternatives were plainly risky, too. The sober fact, in any case, is that this decision on Reagan's part largely determined developments during the first half of 1968 and hence (as it proved) the outcome of the convention.

Move Toward Nixon

By early 1968 George Romney had expired despite measures not far short of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on the part of Robert Novak and other friendly reporters. Percy's effort to succeed Romney as the liberal choice never got off the ground; and in due course Nelson Rockefeller, after a frantic, understandable and successful effort to avoid risking his pelt in any Republican primaries, declared himself back in the race and was promptly hailed by the usual prompt-hailers as the Only Man Who Can Win, etc., etc.

There were plenty of people—the author among them—who had been pointing out for years that neither Rockefeller nor any other liberal could possibly win the Republican nomination, in view of the new power structure in the GOP. But none of us is beyond the possibility of error, and Rockefeller's vast fortune and friendly press were factors that many a conservative Republican could not bring himself to dismiss. No doubt (they mused) Reagan would be ideal, but Nixon was really quite acceptable, and besides what *if* Rockefeller . . .? (Naturally enough, Nixon's own lieutenants were busy strumming this same tune to susceptible conservatives: *Rockefeller will get you if you don't watch out!*)

Through the winter and spring of 1968, therefore, many an essentially conservative Republican politician ran for election as a delegate to the convention on the understanding, express or implied, that he would vote for Nixon, at least on the opening ballot. In some cases the commitment was public and unequivocal; in others, the delegate merely accepted the political support or financial help of local Nixon enthusiasts on the understanding that he was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"against Rockefeller," or something of that sort. Rarely if ever did such a delegate pledge himself for Nixon *as against Reagan*; rather, it was widely and wistfully supposed that there was no real conflict. After all, Reagan was not an active candidate; and if he became one, surely it would be—indeed, Reagan's own strategy required that it should be—substantially in lieu of Nixon rather than against him.

These developments were not overlooked in the quiet offices where the Reagan prospects were being nurtured; nor did they cause any undue panic there. It seemed highly likely that there would be enough favorite sons in the race to insure against a Nixon majority on the first ballot; thereafter the true preferences of the delegates could be consulted, and here it grew increasingly clear that Ronald Reagan ranked very high indeed. In any final knock-down struggle with Rockefeller, Reagan's victory was inevitable.

As spring warmed toward summer, however, the steady succession of Nixon victories in the primaries began to have its inevitable effect. Nixon's moral claim on the nomination was being substantially reinforced; his "loser image" was being materially diminished; and opportunism—a not unknown factor in politics, even among conservatives—began to suggest to many a hitherto purely nominal Nixon delegate that he had landed, more or less accidentally, right where the action was going to be.

Now at last the major figures in the party began to move—slowly, almost imperceptibly, but nonetheless definitely—toward Nixon. The 26 Republican governors were strikingly reluctant—no doubt because a number of them were under the dominance of their New York colleague, while several others favored the governor of California. But on Capitol Hill the leakage to Nixon was growing from a trickle to a torrent, and most of all among the conservative grandees in the United States Senate.

Here again it is possible to sense the influence of their former colleague, Barry Goldwater. John Tower of Texas, his old lieutenant, had been in the Nixon camp since autumn; Nebraska's Hruska and Curtis (the latter had been Goldwater's floor manager at the Cow Palace) came aboard early in the new year. After the primaries, Everett Dirksen—having given his junior colleague, Charles Percy, a badly-needed pointer or two on political footwork—let it be known that he would go along. But the leaders of the Deep South, heavy with bonus votes for having carried their states for Goldwater in 1964, had in most cases yet to be heard from. Here, surely, was Reagan territory, if there *was* any Reagan territory.

Nixon and Thurmond

The story of the Southern leaders' ultimate decision to back Nixon over Reagan, at least on the first ballot, is too long and too intricate to recount in any detail here. Suffice it to say that, by the time Ray Bliss called the convention to order in Miami Beach, Richard Nixon's hope of a first-ballot nomination (and it was to be that or nothing for him, as the all-out efforts of the Nixon forces themselves attested) hung on the votes of three Southern states—South Carolina, Mississippi and Florida, whose chairmen had successfully imposed the unit rule on their large Reagan minorities. And the man who was leading these 76 key votes into Richard Nixon's camp was yet another senatorial grandee: Hon. J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina.

Many conservatives who preferred Reagan have wondered what on earth can have persuaded Strom Thurmond to make his June declaration for Richard Nixon. In all likelihood it was a combination of factors. When dealing with senators, it is never wise to forget the influence of their colleagues—and Thurmond's, as we have seen, were almost unanimously for Nixon. Then too, we must respect, even if we did not share, Senator Thurmond's avowed concern lest Nelson Rockefeller snatch the prize away despite the patent weakness of the Northeastern liberal bloc. Finally, it is a fact that several of the Southern politicians who followed Thurmond's lead were privately dubious about the prospects of *any* Republican defeating George Wallace in their states, and were accordingly susceptible to the argument that Nixon might carry Northern states inaccessible to Reagan, even though Reagan was indisputably the more appealing of the two men to their own constituents and even to themselves.

In these circumstances, the vortex of the convention and the provider of almost its only drama was the desperate effort of the Reagan forces to change Strom Thurmond's mind, or at least to abolish the deadly unit rules in South Carolina, Mississippi and Florida. Nixon's managers, well knowing the consequences of failure, took no chances. Every Reagan supporter who approached Thurmond found a Nixon representative right behind him. Even more important, Thurmond and other Southern leaders requested and (as the world now knows) received the most

(Continues on p. 1231)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What did the election prove? That the people want to go at a small trot rather than at a breathless gallop for a while, says the author. He concludes that with Nixon they will get the time they need to digest eight years of fundamental change

Random Notes from the Campaign Trail

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

THE DEMOCRATIC National Convention of 1968 adjourned *sine die* at 12:10 o'clock on the morning of Friday, August 30. A few minutes earlier, Hubert Humphrey had advised a waiting Republic that "I am ready to lead our country." Arm-in-arm with Edmund Muskie, he had received a last hurrah. Now the limousines were waiting that would carry the nominees back to the conferences in Fortress Conrad Hilton. Larry O'Brien had some urgent matters to discuss. Humphrey took one final look around the littered hall. He could see the backs of the Texas delegates as they shuffled toward the door.

Richard Nixon was in Key Biscayne that Friday, enjoying the water, taking the sun. On Saturday the 31st he flew back to New York. He was tanned and buoyant, eager for action. His own top people were waiting. They too had urgent matters to discuss. At his Fifth Avenue apartment, Nixon waved to a gnat-swarm of reporters and congressmen. A Washington newsman, watching the triumphal procession, was reminded of Arnie Palmer striding toward the first tee at Augusta. Nelson Rockefeller, Jacob Javits and John Lindsay had promised Nixon their public endorsements. What was the Republican watchword? Unity, that was the Republican watchword.

So the campaign began. Humphrey went to Waverly, Minn., for a starting hometown rally Sunday afternoon; then he flew to New York on Monday to be photographed jowl to jowl with George Meany in the Labor Day parade. The crowds were only fair. At one corner a small company of college girls, long-haired, black-stockinged, raised a forest of hostile lances; every one of their defiant placards bore the name of Gene McCarthy.

Nixon waited until Wednesday the 4th, when he descended upon Chicago

for a ticker-tape parade through the Loop. You would not have imagined that just a week earlier, these same happy streets had been a battleground, patrolled by squad cars with baleful blue lights turning. Now Chicago provided a hero's reception. It was a staggering crowd by any man's count; and not a heckler to be seen. The polls the following weekend gave Nixon a lead of twelve to fourteen points.

Over the ensuing nine weeks, Nixon and Humphrey each logged at least sixty thousand miles. Their running mates rolled up almost as much. They averaged five speeches, press conferences or TV-radio tapings on every working day. Through their various campaign committees, the major party candidates spent perhaps $60 million. George Wallace spent another $6 million. No one will ever know precisely how much was spent. In the course of these travels, an estimated four million Americans saw or heard the candidates in person; the other 196 million, including infants in their cribs, were exposed to the campaign by television, radio, billboards, sound trucks, direct mail and the most extensive newspaper and magazine coverage ever attempted. When it all wound up on the evening of Monday, November 4, the country was saturated and the candidates were exhausted.

II: A Mimeographed Blur

IN TERMS of public enlightenment, clarification of issues, serious discussion of major policies, what was gained by these fabulous safaris? The answer, plainly, is not much. The two greatest issues were Vietnam and crime in the streets. After nine weeks of strenuous campaigning, it was impossible to say exactly where Nixon and Humphrey stood on Vietnam; they favored an honorable solution. As for crime, they stood foursquare against it. All the rest became a blur.

Toward the end of the campaign, Nixon released a 175-page book of quotations from his speeches. He had addressed himself, it appeared, to 227 issues, ranging from foreign policy and national security to the Supreme Court, medicare, gun control, abortion laws, pornography, and noise pollution. For his part, Humphrey had published a series of position papers quite as voluminous. Both candidates kept producing a stream of mimeographed excerpts from speeches they never got around to making. Inevitably, the candidates forgot exactly what they had said on particular points; they fell into discrepancies, ambiguities, apparent contradictions. The fretful reporters, like a college of Jesuit priests, seized upon these Presidential encyclicals and explicated them in a hundred different ways. Their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

labors of political theology were made more joyous by the peripheral contributions of Messrs. Agnew, Muskie and LeMay, who often seemed, like certain Cardinals, to have missed the word from Rome. Most of the time, it appeared that the object of the campaign was not to test the wisdom, prescience, and intellectual capacity of our putative leaders; it was more a test of their lungs, bronchi, and vocal cords, not to mention their digestive apparatus farther south.

Nixon and Humphrey each slept—or tried to sleep—in five or six different beds a week; they ate, or gave the smiling appearance of eating, chops, steaks and cutlets compounded of Celotex and Glue-All. They started early in the morning and they ran on till late at night. Nixon has vocal cords like hawsers; he wore them down to shoestrings. By the final week, Humphrey was rasping like a Kansas crow. They came to the finish line gasping and heaving, a pair of weary dray horses who had proved—had proved what? That they had the stamina of two old pugs in Stillman's Gym, and thus were qualified for the high office of President of the United States. The voters, at the end, still were tossing pillows and howling for livelier action.

The American people, in this regard, are the spiritual descendants of those peanut-gallery Romans who picked their teeth in the Colosseum bleachers while gladiators wrought their carnage down below. They want their candidates blooded, like hunting hounds; a campaign aimed at their cerebral centers would put them to sleep. Whenever Nixon showed signs of flagging, his aides were upon him with bull whips and riding crops. Humphrey's phenomenal gains in the final three weeks were largely the consequence of his sweaty exertions upon the swings and horses. The contestants were expected to mix it up—Nixon undoubtedly suffered by his refusal to engage in head-to-head debate—but they were not expected seriously to grapple with the issues. They were expected to grunt and butt heads.

III: Rediscovering America

SO MUCH for the lunacy of the fall campaign. The quadrennial ordeal had its happier aspects. It is marvelously good, I venture to suggest, for the Presidential candidates and the traveling national press to rediscover the good broad land they live in. Behind the balloons, the bunting, the brass bands, are the faces of America—the smiling, angry, attentive, contorted, bemused, incredulous faces. You saw them at rallies, railway sidings, airport fences, lining the smalltown sidewalks, faces that were deep-treaded with age, burned leather-brown by wind and sun, masked with lipstick and shadow; the lively faces of children out of school; faces that mirrored the millennial descent from Africa, Europe, the Orient. We saw the old Jews of Brooklyn, their beards like Spanish moss; black-hatted Amish, open-shirted Westerners; the slum children, lollipop-eyed. There were faces at windows, faces at factory gates, round and puffy faces, long and bony faces, faces of discontent, anxiety, satisfaction, joy. Everywhere, we looked into these faces, trying to read desire and to fathom response, and these moments of intense looking were moments of catharsis, humbling moments, moments when hubris slipped away. We locked eyes; and untouching, touched.

The people provided the most lasting impression of the campaign trail, but there was more than this; we got a kaleidoscopic sense of the physical country, too. Perhaps the length and breadth of America, the beauty and the ugliness, have long since lost their power to impress the candidates themselves; they are forever on the road. But for some of us who generally stay deskbound in Washington, this whole year has been a year of rediscovery.

Drowsing in the committee rooms and galleries of Capitol Hill, you tend to forget—even when you know it well—the cidery tang of an Oregon wind, the chill of autumn in New England. Most of the time we stay huddled up in cities, boxed and crated and bound with baling straps; we lose sight of the emptiness of prairies and desert. On the trail it is all new again; the blazing Arizona sunset, ambient light sand-filtered, wine-gold; the silo sculptures of Nebraska; New Orleans by night; the sullen streets of mining towns; tenements, mansions, white frame churches, feed stores, water towers, courthouse squares. Traveling by jet at 30,000 feet is at once the best and worst way to get around; even on the clear days, you see a smudged canvas from five miles up, and most of the time you are sleeping, reading, writing or trying to make four spades with the trumps all wrong. But there are times when the porthole of the 707 looks with camera eye upon heart-stopping panoramas. The mountains lie in sleep below like prehistoric beasts; their bony spines are curled across a hundred miles or more. By night the jewel-box cities flash their diamond fire. We land in Pennsylvania in a slow October rain, and see the pageantry of autumn through a tear.

IV: Sniffing the Winds

THE CAMPAIGN was people; it was country; it was also mood. We were not on the trail, after all, for exercises in demography or studies of terrain. The subtle essence of politics is to sense the wind the moment before it changes. Nixon and Humphrey alike were forever wetting fingers to test invisible currents. Law and order? Vietnam? Inflation? Farm prices? National prestige? A missile gap? How did people feel about urban renewal, Social Security, a volunteer army, aid to education? Were the people restless for innovation? Or were they weary of activism in high places?

Nixon correctly sensed the gale winds blowing on the broad issue of "law and order." The feeling is pervasive; it goes far beyond racial hostilities generated by the predominantly Negro riots of Washington, Detroit, Cleveland and the rest. The arrogant young revolutionaries of Columbia and Berkeley have contributed to the groundswell resentment; so have certain judgments of the Supreme Court; so have the drug addicts and pornographers and common criminals. The demand, if I am not mistaken, is for a reassertion of certain deeply held convictions—that crime should be punished, that laws should be obeyed, that men and women have a right to walk safely on the streets, that society depends for its security upon the preservation of standards and discipline and right conduct. The people have reached the outer limit of their tolerance for what they regard as permissiveness run rampant. In the American theology, work is a cardinal virtue and sloth a mortal sin; welfare programs that tend to reward idleness and fail to penalize promiscuity thus take on the strain of blasphemy: they are crimes against the true religion, graffiti on the sanctuary wall. No other domestic issue is more complex or more powerful than the issue of gross indecency. Humphrey never fully caught this wind. George Wallace, of course, did catch it; and so did Nixon.

A great deal has been written of the "increasingly conservative mood" that many observers had detected around the nation. My own radar confirmed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this only in part. Obviously, the country's political moons entered upon some new phase two years ago, when the Republicans gained 47 seats in the House. They gained a few more congressional seats this time around, notably in the Senate. The nine million votes cast for Wallace were a massive protest against eight years of liberalism in high places. So far, so good.

Yet I failed to detect on the campaign trail any sense of a return to what Russell Kirk has called "principled conservatism." By this I understand him to mean something different from a mere desire to throw the rascals out. Nixon did his best to make capital of federal paternalism, or the excessive concentration of power and money in Washington; he repeatedly advocated a plan by which federal revenues would be shared with the states in the form of bloc grants with few strings attached. Every time he got to this point in his speech, you could feel the crowd's yawn coming on. The response was perfunctory. By contrast, when he proposed higher Social Security benefits, rising automatically with the cost-of-living index, the glad-eyed oldsters beat fervently on their palms. Nixon did better in developing a position on job training for Negroes; he proposed to rely more upon private industry than upon such programs as the Job Corps. Yet even this sterling silver position failed to elicit strong applause.

My own impression is that the "rising conservatism" manifests itself largely in a national mood to sit down for a while. It is a desire to go at a slow trot instead of a breathless gallop. Over the past eight years of Kennedy-Johnson, unless I err badly, the country has absorbed about as much of shocking change as it is capable of digesting: the fearful losses of men and money in Vietnam, the proliferation of welfare programs here at home, the Negro revolution, the student rebellions, three major assassinations, 400 riots, some wholesale changes in industrial technology. In this period the country has embarked upon certain paths of uncertain destination: general federal aid to education, limited aid to parochial schools, equal employment opportunities, open occupancy housing, medical care through Social Security. There is a widespread desire, I believe, to proceed along these newly opened paths with caution. In a few years, doubtless it will be time to pick up the pace, and to sprint another lap. Perhaps there is something symbolic in the sudden fad for jogging. There is not much disposition to run pell-mell. Humphrey did not catch this wind either; but Nixon sensed it exactly, and stowed his racing sails away.

V: The Uninvolved Voters

BACK IN February and March, in the first primary campaigns, one encountered everywhere a raging hostility toward Lyndon Johnson. It was hard to find anything left of this in the fall. For days on end, prior to the bombing halt announcement of November 1, you never heard the President's name mentioned. He seemed to have vanished altogether. It appeared that with LBJ out of things, the Johnsonian nettle somehow had lost its sting. Little of the antipathy to Johnson proved to be a negotiable asset. At Republican rallies, we caught a mood of general dissatisfaction with the Democratic Administration, but the faces in the crowd were not angry faces; the boos were ritual boos, without much steam behind them.

This was the common aspect of the whole campaign. Except for the Wallace rallies, there was never much steam behind the candidates' drive toward election day. Nixon's gala productions were mostly sham. At every whistlestop, he had his Nixonaires and Nixonettes to lead applause, but it was like dubbing in a laugh-track. Spectators amiably joined in chanting "We Want Nixon," but the rhythm came from the lips and not the heart. Beyond the first well-scrubbed rows of good-looking girls, the crowds seemed attentive but far from moved. They simply were not emotionally involved.

The same thing was true of Humphrey's crowds. He is better at warming up an audience than Nixon. He has a quicker wit than Nixon; he is faster on his feet and throws more punches per round. During the last four weeks of the campaign, Humphrey was constantly on the attack; he was tossing hooks, jabs, feints, roundhouse swings; his arms never stopped. Few of these landed, but they looked good from ringside. Yet even this Fancy Dan foot- and glove-work failed to evoke a truly gut response from his crowds. They responded to his litany: "What'd Nixon ever do for you? *Nothing!* What'r'ya gonna do for him? *Nothing!* Who ya gonna vote for? HUMPHREY!" It was as if Chase Manhattan were offering plastic dishes with every new account. Humphrey's sense of the fitness of things seemed not to be outraged.

On this score, one may remark the dilemma that troubled Nixon throughout the campaign. It was imperative, in his view, that he do everything possible to dispel the lingering specter of the "Old Nixon." His thought was to wage a high-level campaign, avoiding personalities, pitched to lofty generalities. For his pains, he was rewarded by charges that he was evading issues, pulling his punches, refusing to get in there and fight. Yielding at last to this criticism, Nixon took a new tack at Cincinnati on October 21. "We're gonna sock it to 'em," he cried. Instantly the shade of Mrs. Douglas appeared upon the scene: the Ole Debbil Nixon had returned, blue beard and all.

Meanwhile, Humphrey benefited immensely from the immunity that attaches to the underdog. The epithets that emerged from his pursy little

(Continues on p. 1235)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION

Decentralizing the Pentagon

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

I intend to initiate a major reorganization of the Department of Defense to correct its overcentralization and streamline its top level overstaffing."—Richard M. Nixon, Oct. 24, 1968.

WHEN the 37th President of the United States walks into the White House on Jan. 20, his principal assistant in all matters relating to national defense will take his place behind the Secretary's desk in room 3E880 at the Pentagon.

The new Secretary of Defense will exercise direction, authority and control over an executive department in desperate need of decentralization.

The Great Centralizer, Robert S. McNamara, worked his will on the defense establishment for approximately seven and one-half years. He thought that centralization was the essence of security, but his mistake is written large in the relative decline of U.S. strategic forces versus the Soviet Union and in his failure to develop new weapons for the 1970s. In the judgment of the new President, the outgoing Administration has created "a security gap for America."

To rebuild America's military strength will require much more than a new, dynamic Secretary of Defense. Indeed there is danger that the new Secretary, whoever he may be, may attempt to step into Robert McNamara's shoes and fill the myriad slots that exist in Defense Staff offices. This isn't what the nation needs—the substitution of one centralizer for another or re-staffing of the Pentagon with several dozen deputy assistant secretaries and special assistants. On the contrary, the initial order by the new Secretary should be a ban on employment until the DOD structure can be changed.

At the root of the current weakness in U.S. defenses is not the personality cult of McNamara but the bureaucratic structure that he built into the Pentagon. Clark Clifford, who succeeded him in the Secretary's office, simply continued the structure and processes created by his predecessor. The new Secretary, named by a Republican President, cannot be expected to do much better without changing the way in which decisions are made in the Department of Defense.

During the Eisenhower years, strategic planning was done by strategic planners, uniformed professionals with battlefield and military staff experience. Weapons development was largely in the hands of officers who knew from experience the problems of users of military hardware under combat conditions.

Then Came McNamara

All that changed under Mr. McNamara, a brilliant but fallible man. Strategic planning—even tactical planning—was very largely taken away, at the major study level, from the professionals and assigned to civilian analysts in the Defense Staff Offices. Weapons development was separated to a considerable degree from the services that have operational responsibilities. Seven Assistant Secretaries of Defense and their rapidly proliferating staffs usurped major areas of military decision-making. Untrained civilians, working by the authority and under the direction of Mr. McNamara, selected the weapons by which targets were hit, decided what aircraft should be flown over North Vietnam, and set the limits on flight time for student pilots. These untrained civilians also drafted "Presidential Memorandums," the documents which set policy on sizes of forces, composition and weapons to be employed. Writing in the *Proceedings* of the U.S. Naval Institute, Capt. Samuel P. Ingram, USNR, has stated with regard to one Presidential Memorandum on tactical air forces: "I know that only four to six Office of Secretary of Defense civilians prepared and contributed to the interim draft." The military, for their part, didn't prepare such position papers but were simply given a limited opportunity to study them and file objections.

This is the unsound process that lies behind the lack of iron bombs in Vietnam, the TFX/F-111 failure, the pilot shortage, the slow pace of nuclearization in the surface fleet, and the lag in anti-ballistic missile defense. Military decisions have been made by men with no military experience.

Mr. McNamara instituted this system with the best of intentions, seeking efficiency. The Pentagon needed a tightening up when he took office in 1961. It was time to introduce the tool of systems analysis on a larger scale than had been customary in the 1950s. But Mr. McNamara over-reacted and over-centralized, thereby reducing the effectiveness of the entire enterprise.

The primary task of the new Secretary of Defense, under President Nixon, will be to develop a new organizational pattern at the Pentagon. Mr. McNamara in his years of total authority sought to maximize the nation's return on investment in manpower and money. But he lost sight of the special nature of the Pentagon's product, namely forces and weapons that give the United States strategic and tactical advantages.

By centralizing everything in his office, Mr. McNamara—and to a lesser extent Mr. Clifford—reduced creativity and flexibility in defense.

It would be foolish to imagine that the Pentagon will return to the *laissez-faire* management of the early 1950s. The costs of defense have risen to the point where there has to be systematic allocation of resources and comprehensive appraisal of performance. But significant changes can and must be made in the McNamara system at the Pentagon in order to create an environment of opportunity for strategic planners and workers in weapons research and development.

Fewer Chiefs, Please

Simply put, the need is to decentralize. This would be best accomplished by reducing the number and the powers of the Assistant Secretaries of Defense and by cutting back the Defense Studies Office to a skeleton structure. These changes would eliminate many of the civilian echelons in DOD. Who, then, would conduct the military studies on strategic mobility, intelligence requirements, etc.? Why, the military, of course—the Services. Indeed, while the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ingersoll can get you the metalworking innovations you want.

By looking beyond machine tools for them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Machine tool contributions to today's metalworking advances have been significant. We know because we've had our hand in a fair share of breakthroughs. But your needs for tomorrow are complex situations, in which hardware solutions alone will be inadequate.

And in these situations, the automotive industry needs to escape the machine hardware solution trap. In order to bring to our clients the necessary wide-angle view, The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company had to define its expertise in two separate and distinct areas.

Thus Ingersoll Incorporated was formed, as our consulting arm. Their operation is one of teamwork with you, to examine, analyze, assemble and present a plan of total approach. They deal, on a full-time basis, with the sort of problems you only need to solve occasionally. So in working with you, we match our specialized objectivity with your user experience.

It's a match we've made for 46 companies, in 76 confidential study reports. We're finishing our sixth professional, paid study for one client right now. What kind of talent do these study teams offer? Men who are well based in the critical, high-production requirements of the automotive industry.

What's back of these study recommendations? The 81 year experience of The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company.

So the chances are that profitable, risk-shrinking solutions to your metalworking problems are within reach.

Ingersoll's kind of solutions.

The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company
Rockford, Illinois

Get Ingersoll involved. INGERSOLL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

civilian echelons are eliminated, the new Secretary would do well drastically to reduce the size of the Joint Staff organization, which serves the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

What Mr. McNamara did in building up the Defense Studies Office and the Joint Staff, was to place unnecessary layers of staffing between the Secretary and the Services. Efficient and effective planning will be enhanced by getting rid of these layers and returning the planning function, for the Secretary and the JCS, to the Services. If special studies are needed, they can be organized on an ad hoc basis, using task forces from the separate Services.

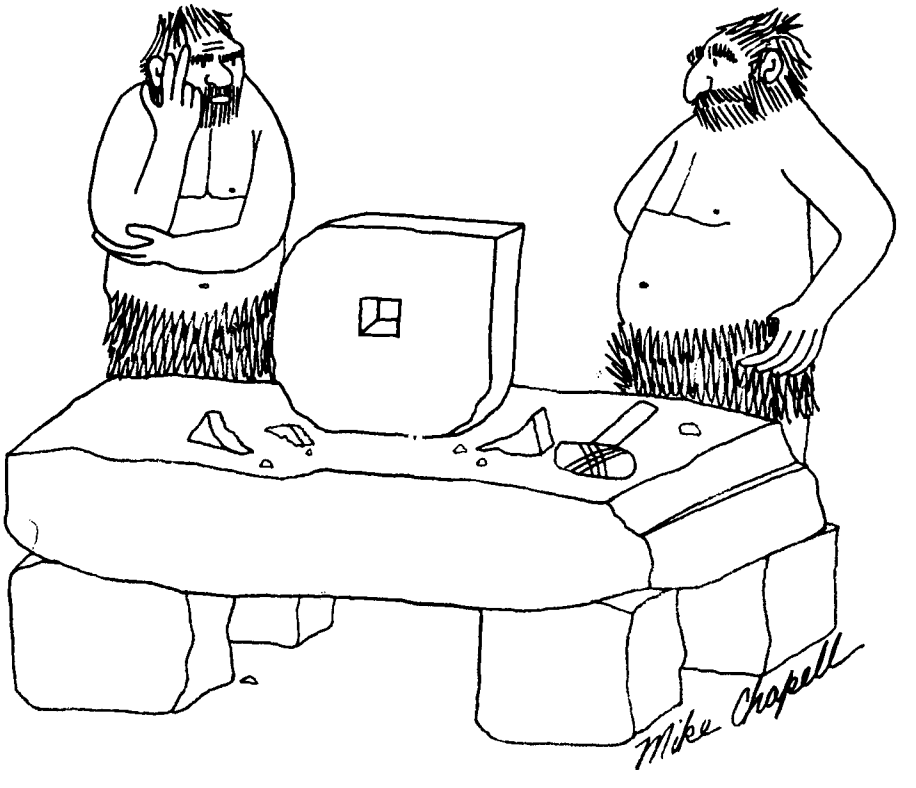
The system at the Pentagon during the McNamara-Clifford years has been one of civilian command, not simply civilian control of the armed forces. No warrant in law exists for this system. The Constitution provides that the President is commander-in-chief. The National Security Act of 1947, as amended, sets forth that the Secretary of Defense shall be the President's chief aide in defense matters. By law, however, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who also are the Service heads, are the President's military advisers. The constitutional and statutory rules have been twisted out of shape during the last eight years. The Service heads have been isolated from the President. They have not had the access to him that Service heads enjoyed during the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations. During the Cuban crisis, for instance, only one military professional—Gen. Maxwell Taylor—sat with the National Security Council committee debating the nation's course with respect to the Soviet missile threat. Though much of the discussion in the committee dealt with a sea blockade or quarantine, the Chief of Naval Operations was not asked to participate.

The liberal community has been happy about this situation in the defense establishment and about the inadequate links between the President and his professional military advisers. To downgrade the generals and the admirals—and to put the colonels and the captains in their place—has been an objective and a delight for liberals. The outraged liberal with knee-jerk reflexes has been only too happy to see military decision-making at *all* levels shift to civilians in the Pentagon. John F. Loosbrock, editor of *Air Force*, has rightly said that this knee-jerk liberal "views anyone or anything connected with the military as unclean per se, malevolently dedicated to taking over the country. It is not so much that he fears a military-industrial complex. He *has* one."

If the military professionals once again are permitted to function as they were trained and intended to function, as planners and weapons developers, the security gap can be closed. The credibility gap also would be closed. Congress, after all, has been consistently disapproving and doubtful of the Pentagon policies and programs developed by the "whiz-kids." The Senate and House Armed Services Committees have battled hard these eight years past to elicit information on how the Secretaries of Defense and their staffs arrive at their recommendations for force levels, weapons and deployment of units. Congress has been thwarted time and again, for the Office of the Secretary of Defense has virtually muzzled professional officers called to testify before Congress. It should be remembered that when Adm. George Anderson, then Chief of Naval Operations, testified on aircraft in a manner critical of the McNamara recommendations, he was sacked and sent to Portugal as Ambassador.

Fortunately for the country, Mr. Nixon is on record as saying he intends to "restore ready access of our top military professionals to the President of the United States, as contemplated by the National Security Act." He also is on record as promising to revitalize the National Security Council so it will serve in a pre-eminent role in security planning. The NSC functioned very well during the Eisenhower years, set basic policy, and left the military professionals with freedom to work out the mix of weapons and forces needed for operations. This is the kind of set-up the nation needs for the 1970s.

The overhaul of the Department of Defense requires a Secretary who will view his role as a judge or as a coordinator, and who won't aspire to dictate every nuts-and-bolts issue in the service from the width of a soldier's belt to the type of ejection seat used in a jet trainer. Unless the professionals are given an opportunity to make decisions that are within their competence, their creativity will be stifled. It is this spirit of creativity, of innovation in national defense, on which the long-range security of the United States depends. Hopefully, the days of managerial absolutism in the Pentagon are numbered. Needed now is a Secretary of Defense who has trust in the abilities and judgment of the men who wear the uniform of the United States. □



"I think we've almost got it"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIEWED FROM LONDON

Now You See It, Now You....

FERDINAND MOUNT

WELL, you could have knocked us folks in Europe down with a used ball-point.

You see, we sent a gang of sages, equipped with piercing eye and euphuistic prose, over to report your Presidential election. And the stuff they sent back was indeed disturbing, not to say alarming and of deep concern to all men of good will. Gravid with angst, they reported that:

1. The Republic was in danger.
2. The American people had degenerated into racism, envy, hatred, violence and isolationism—these qualities brought on by (choose your own mix), Vietnam, sexual fears, immaturity, dollar-worship, etc.
3. The candidates were mean little men, ignorant, feeble and dangerous.
4. George Wallace was bound to get close.
5. The Electoral College was so antique a notion that it was bound to produce a deadlocked election.
6. Spiro Agnew in particular was a bumbling crook.
7. The people were so disenchanted that the vote would be extremely low. All Negroes and most poor people would stay home.
8. The Democratic Party, being based on the Rooseveltian alliance of workers, peasants and intellectuals, had been finished off by Mayor Daley.
9. Richard Nixon did not reveal his policy on any topic, let alone Vietnam.

Such prophecies and reportage pervaded every newspaper, every magazine in Europe, whether its general domestic outlook was liberal or conservative. Those British newspapers which now reprint the Thoughts of Chairmen Reston and Lippmann could save their syndication fees. The New Mournfulness has conquered.

Picture therefore the surprise of us untraveled proles when the true facts were reluctantly disgorged by our emissaries. The Republic had elected its 37th President with the same dignity and calm that it had chosen his 36 predecessors. George Wallace's picayune appeal proved a local phenomenon. There were no riots on election day. Indeed the only breach of the peace was to be found in the *New York Times*' accusations against Mr. Agnew. Investigation of these charges indicated only that Mr. Agnew had been more than usually scrupulous in separating his business dealings from his public office. The turnout seemed, from the first figures at least, to be rather high. The Negroes in particular voted for Mr. Humphrey in great numbers, a tribute to the educative effect of voter registration campaigns. The Electoral College system showed again its extreme sophistication, by turning the difference of a few thousands in a three-way race into a clear margin for Mr. Nixon.

The Democratic coalition rallied in time to produce an impressive vote for Mr. Humphrey, who seems to have fought a spirited and cheerful campaign. The range of Mr. Nixon's policy comments and commitments was substantial.

All in all, down on our Old-World ranches us plain folks can't find a danged thing them newspaper sages was right about, except that most of them thought Mr. Nixon would win, which all of us could have told them without stirring from our firesides at Lower Wittering-in-the-Sludge.

Now the simple way to explain this is that journalists tend as a bunch to be men of the Left. But even their obsession with Vietnam does not explain the very rough treatment they meted out to Mr. Humphrey, one of the left-most and most decent men ever to reach high office in America. Nor does it explain the highly favorable write-ups given to Senator McCarthy, a witty-arrogant, idle man of no executive talents and few achievements who could hardly be identified with the poor and black and indeed made little effort to do so. Mr. Nixon, we are told, has no mandate to speak of, whereas McCarthy had a mandate to take over the Democratic Party until the "old politics" took it away from him so unfairly in Chicago, although by no stretch of the imagination could a majority of Democrats have been said to be in sympathy with his ideas.

Suddenly the awful suspicion dawns that we are back to the politics of glamor, and in particular to its hideous refinement, the KO syndrome (so called from its brilliant diagnosis by Mr. Cecil Osbaine [*NR* Nov. 5] in relation to the Kennedy-Oswald situation). In this syndrome, the liberal intellectual identifies with the mythical construct of John F. Kennedy to conceal his own lust for power and adoration from himself. Conversely he cannot bear to accept the guilt of Lee Harvey Oswald, who bears so mocking a resemblance to the intellectual himself. In the present case, the liberal intellectual is reporting the campaign. He brushes shoulders with the candidate, is plied with refreshment and expensive transport. He is surrounded by cheering crowds and brass bands, like the candidate. What more natural than that he should believe that he *is* the candidate? Then he looks at the man who is masquerading in that role —Nixon's jowl, Humphrey's Pekingese face. These cannot be the real philosopher princes, these are imposters, and the crowds are unreal too, their cheers recorded. Why should he, the brilliant and beautiful reporter, have to fawn upon such low men? His real friends are in Arlington Cemetery, in Hyannisport, in Cambridge, on Greek yachts.

But who were all those cheering people, Momma? They are just no 'count folks, rednecks from Wallace country, honey.

How come they didn't vote for Mr. Wallace then? Well, those other *politicians* talked Wallace talk, see. They fooled the people. Me, I would have voted for that Gene McCarthy. Now he's a real nice-looking gentleman. □

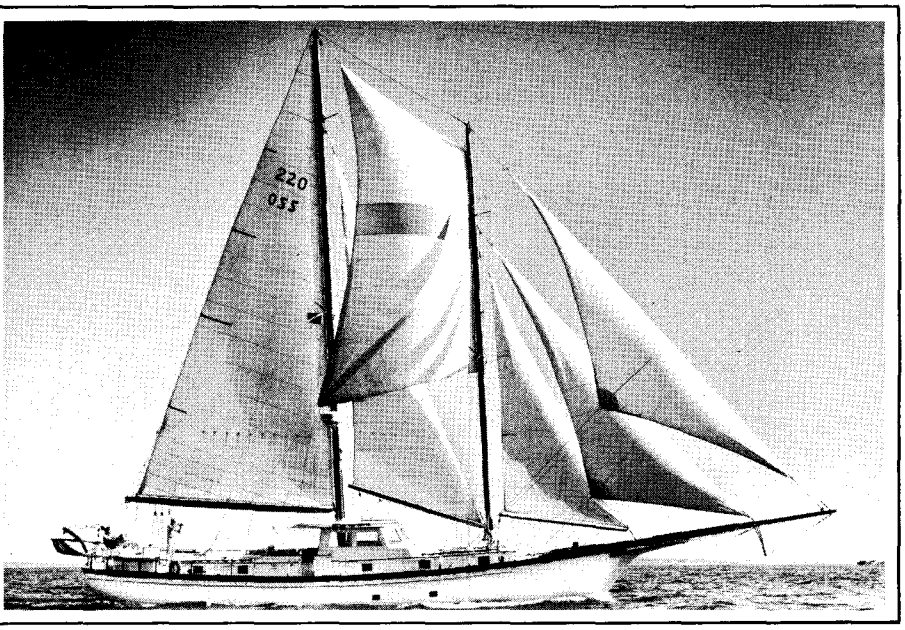
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE IS HOW You Can Get a Fabulous VACATION

NEW AND DIFFERENT
EXCITING
AND ADVENTUROUS

FOR MUCH LESS THAN
YOU WOULD
DREAM POSSIBLE!

DID YOU PAY
TOO MUCH FOR YOUR
LAST VACATION?



IF YOU CHARTER the schooner Cyrano (above) you have the owner's personal assurance that all prices, equipment and services are as advertised. Mr. Buckley invites you to treat the Cyrano as if it were your own (within reason!).

Did that cut-rate flight to Europe end up costing you a lot more than you really got out of it? Well, here is how you can make your next vacation one you'll be telling your friends about for years to come! Command the luxury sailing yacht Cyrano for a whole week (or more, if you please!) in the Caribbean waters now (the Bahamas are at their delightful best!). A sailing vacation is totally different: nearer than you'd imagine (many of you come East just to start a vacation), easier and more relaxing than you would think, and much cheaper than you would expect!

GIANT SAIL!

To have the sleek Cyrano unfurl her giant mainsail for you and your thrilled family or friends will cost each of you less than $45 a day—including gourmet meals! Count on a little more, of course, if you like your wines fine: but remember to subtract all the money you would spend on luxurious hotels (with $2 drinks at the bar) and long-distance air flights to somewhere else.

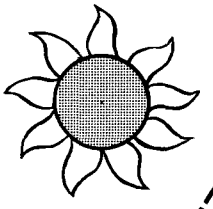
The accomodations are for six people—three couples, or two, plus children. And what you get is something you will never forget. You get adventure. There's no other word for setting sail, and heading out to sea—to a remote little island in the Bahamas, say, where you can stop and fish, or water-ski, or just sit and see the sun go down before going below for a wonderful dinner.

THINK OR SWIM

Or drop anchor in the brilliant blue waters of a sheltered cove, where you can swim, or explore the countryside, or just sit there and think cool thoughts over a cool drink. Go anywhere. Take off when you like, go to bed when you like, eat what you want, listen—listen to the noiselessness of a beautiful seakindly schooner cutting through the water. It is the finest cruising area in the world. Don't cut yourself out. Line up a few friends. Tell them that Cyrano has television (closed circuit), air conditioning, three private cabins, piano, Hi-Fi, separate galley, motor bike, O'Day sailing board, radio telephone, 20HP dinghy, captain, first mate, cook—even a cabin boy. If your friends are sailors, tell them there's 2400 square feet of sail, that she'll do ten knots on a beam reach, that the generator can't be heard from the steering section, that she'll do 900 miles under power at 9 knots, is wonderfully steady with almost 18 feet of beam, and has auto pilot, loran, and radar. If your friends love adventure and companionship and fun just tell them when to report for duty. They'll remember it as long as you will!

JUST GOT BACK?

Now even if you have just returned from vacation, it's not too early to start planning for your voyage on the Cyrano. After all, a really great vacation should be as much fun to think about before you go as after you're back. Start thinking right now! (As a matter of fact, it isn't at all too early to think about next summer, when the Cyrano will be available for cruising in New England waters—there's nothing better than fresh seafood on Nantucket.) Use the coupon below to get full information today, while winter bookings are still available.



Caribbean Enterprises Inc.
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Gentlemen: Please send me full information about how I can escape to the sun this winter aboard the Cyrano. (You assume no obligation whatever in requesting this information about chartering the Cyrano. You may also write or wire a yacht broker, if you prefer.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Telephone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON CAMPUS AND OFF

Do You Know the Courage Man?

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

THE AVATAR staff has itself a chuckle every once or twice a week. That's how often the dirty books come in the mail. The Cambridge police tried to ban *Avatar* for obscenity last spring (a centerfold of four letter words was found "offensive"), and only succeeded in creating a *cause célèbre*. The publicity was considerable; *Avatar* became Boston's leading underground newspaper and subsequently acquired, to use one editor's words, "a somewhat neurotic reputation." Ergo, free introductory offers from the dirty book people.

The members of the staff find this kind of thing amusing probably because the sex-obscenity-free speech syndrome just isn't that important to them. "We are not," they make it clear, "on a sex trip or a dirty-word trip or a political trip or any of that crap. We're above it." And they are. Anyone searching for a nice, normal, drug-crazed, left-wing, hippie-oriented, underground newspaper must be disappointed with *Avatar*.

It is only reasonable, for instance, that an underground paper be fiercely, passionately anti-American. This one is patriotic. "We dig America," says editor Ed Beardsley. "It's corny and makes us sound like Boy Scouts, OK, but we're really trying to make a better America. You take Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, they were honest and great and had meaning in their lives. We dig 'em."

So, *Avatar* is atypical. Still that is hardly the word. *Avatar* is incredible. What began a year and a half ago as a "vehicle of expression" for thirty or forty artists who lived in three old houses on Fort Hill in South Roxbury is today the official organ of a religious sect. The Fort Hill community has, amazingly enough, evolved into a kind of Cluny for a curious and fascinating hippie religion. Sounds like a put-on; it isn't. This is a full-fledged religion, replete with dogmas and a real life Jesus. And *Avatar* is commissioned to spread the good word. "We think of it," said one of the founders, "as a hip *Christian Science Monitor*."

It is in the pages of *Avatar* that you find the dogmas. The basic premise is transcendental: the Spirit has always been present in history and continually manifests itself in the lives of great men and in the truths they teach. (The word "Avatar" itself is Hindu and means incarnation of the truth.) Because the individual soul is part of the Spirit, there is also a belief in the reincarnation of the soul. It is held, too, that one's fate is determined by the stars. Hence, astrology is taken very seriously by the *Avatar* people; "What's your sign?" in fact, is the question most frequently asked of visitors. As for drugs and sex—they are possible helps to the truth but are not, by any means, essentials. Except for pot—"pot is our only sacrament." It is also believed that the great men in history are no longer statesmen or military leaders but communicators. So the *Avatar* gospel is to be spread through the media, television, newspapers, films.

THERE IS ALSO A JESUS. His name is Mel Lyman. The dogmas are all his teachings. It is he who makes *Avatar* incredible. As a matter of fact, Mel, in every sense, is *Avatar*.

He's a soul-saver too. "Before I met Mel," says editor Beardsley, "I was a bastard. I had been in advertising and then a painter and a rock 'n' roll singer and I mean I just didn't know where I was going. I used to get blind drunk and beat up my wife and chase chicks. Mel made me realize what I was and showed me how to put meaning in my life."

There is nothing mysterious about Mel. He is a fairly tall, thin-faced, former computer operator, harmonica and banjo player. He is a bit of a visionary, a bit of a poet; just the man, you think, to start a new religion. "We consider Mel," Beardsley explains further, "as part of every great man of the past. We think of him as Jesus and Buddha and Mohammed. It's taken him this long to evolve. He is truth all the time. He is the Spirit today."

Mel agrees. "I am the truth and I speak the truth. I do not express ideas, opinions, personal views. I speak truth. My understanding is tinged by no prejudice, no unconscious motivation, no confusion. I speak clearly, simply, openly and I speak only to reveal, to teach, to guide. I have no delusions about what I am, who I am, why I am." He has a book out, too, entitled, modestly enough, *Autobiography of a World Savior*.

Mel receives all the homage due a divinity. His words are sacred. Correspondence is signed, "Yours in Mel." And even the *Avatar* people like to talk about the day he announced to the community, "I want a wall." A seven-foot wall now surrounds his house. "It took some doing," they will tell you, smilingly.

Mel's reputation, incidentally, is growing. And so, of course, is *Avatar*'s. You can find it today in college bookstores, East and West. The letters and contributions keep arriving at the *Avatar* office. They come from such unlikely types as convicts and Vietnam soldiers and middle-aged housewives. "Keep up the good work," went the letter from some combat zone, "you are the guardians of reason and wisdom and compassion." And another wrote, simply, "You are right. Mel is God. Mel is Christ."

The hip ones, especially, are drawn to *Avatar*. It is not so difficult to weary of drugs and psychedelia, and then go searching. *Avatar* is there for them. Many write to Mel. One said, in a poem,

"I am dissatisfied
Everything is so empty
black ugly existence
I don't know what to do
there is nothing to live for
I try, god how I try."

Or another, in the *Letters to Mel* column, wrote, "I want to be able to talk to you. There is nobody else who I can say exactly what I feel to. It's really a drag that all of these things are going on inside me and then never get out. Now, I'm confused. I'm scared and unsure. I fear for the world and me. Can you show me some courage? Woody."

Spiritual hunger is a familiar enough theme these days. It is clearly in evidence here. It is too often forgotten,

(Continues on p. 1235)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'HOLD ON!'

Henry Littlefinger and the Great Three-Month Smog Escape

JOHN KEEFAUVER

It was on the forty-fourth day of The Great Three-Month Smog Escape of 1999—the day that the helicopters began dropping (in red, white, and blue parachutes) *The Holy Bible, As Revised by The International Clean Smog Agency* (ICSA)—that Henry Littlefinger *really* began to have some doubts about his ever getting back to the United States.

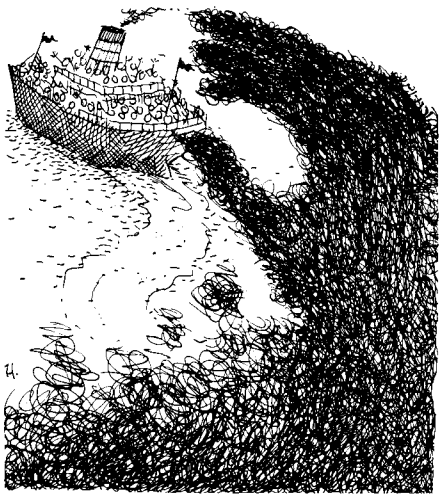
Earlier, on the thirty-second day, he had felt some concern when the Smog Escape-Emergency Helicopters, their loudspeakers shrieking, "There's Escape for you somewhere! Hold on!" had started parachuting provisions onto the Good Ship *Jolly* and other ICSA Escape Vessels, all of which were chugging ahead of the smog that was chasing them out into the middle of the Pacific towards Hawaii, which—being smogbound—was no refuge.

But what really jolted Henry Littlefinger, one of 302 Smog Escapees crammed into the 150-foot *Jolly,* was the Bible-drop on the forty-fourth day. He remembered what had happened during the last Smog Escape of uncommon length (i.e. more than three weeks), over the Fourth of July weekend of 1994. Because of the extra millions of vehicles on the road, a great blanket of smog had covered the United States, causing millions to abandon their cars and board ICSA Escape Vessels, which had put out to sea from East and West Coast ports. Thirty-two days later the smog had finally stopped advancing behind them, at points ranging up to 498 miles from the East Coast and 613 miles from the West. Even so, many Escapees hadn't got back to their vehicles until just before that year's Labor Day's weekend Smog Escape. (That one had lasted only seventeen days, and is not generally remembered.)

Ironically, Henry Littlefinger was the only Escapee on board the Good Ship *Jolly* who had no desire to Escape. He, in fact, *liked* smog. A subversive who had spent a number of years in jail because of his pro-smog beliefs and acts, such as publicly burning his Anti-Smog Card, he had refused to Escape on many occasions, and long before had been labeled a Smognik and Anti-Smog Dropout and sentenced to selling popcorn and Escape Trinkets for a living. He had simply rowed out to the *Jolly,* the day it had anchored off Los Angeles, with the intention of selling his wares to the Escapees on board. The ship had sloshed out to sea before he could get off.

With 302 passengers aboard, the *Jolly,* which at best slept forty, wallowed, mostly frontwards and mostly on top the water, in the general direction of Hawaii, with the smog advancing behind it. At the same time (so Henry and the others on the Good Ship learned later) Escape Vessels from many other countries in the world had also put to sea, all pursued by smog, while the ICSA had moved to its emergency headquarters at the North and South Poles, the only smogless places left in the world.

The going was tough for the overloaded Good Ship *Jolly,* but not for the Smog Escapees. For they had taken, and



took, the ICSA-issued Escape-Cheerful pills as directed. Cheerfully. Except for dropout Henry J., who automatically refused. Additionally, Henry J. was seasick, and, since there was standing room only, he was unable to lie down—or even to kneel, to pray to The Great Smog Saver in the Sky that the *Jolly* would stay ahead of the smog.

The *Jolly* also leaked. And its automatic pilot was unautomatic; it hit the course only twice—on the zig and on the zag. No matter. For very plainly in *The Holy Bible, As Revised by the International Clean Smog Agency* was the directive: "Getting there ahead of the smog is half the fun!" (But in no place—and Henry Littlefinger had searched!—was there anything about "getting back.")

The radio directional finder didn't work. It was too overcast to use celestial navigation. The Good Ship's only hope was dead reckoning—dead ahead of the advancing smog.

"Dead?" mumbled Henry J. as he threw a note-in-a-bottle overboard.

The bottle passed the *Jolly.*

As days passed (and the hundred-mile-high smog rolled ever onward right behind the ship), Henry noticed that the number of Escape Vessels was increasing and now included, by actual count, fourteen rowboats and seven rafts. Except for the rowboats and rafts, all were fueled periodically by special smog-proofed ICSA tankers as their loudspeakers bawled, "There's Escape for you somewhere! Hold on!"

For a month the Escapees Escaped. Cheerfully. To be uncheerful during an SE was illegal. Still, by the thirtieth day committees were being formed to work on such projects as "How to Stay Cheerful Better," "What To Do If the Smog Escape Never Ends." Some women were making "Smog Escape Menus."

As well they might. For during the thirty-second day of the SE, ICSA 'copters began dropping standard SE provisions. Henry, who preferred even popcorn to the rations, ate his popcorn and hid the rations in his rowboat, which he had put in tow when the Good Ship had started chugging away from Los Angeles.

Also included in the parachuted packages that day, the 6th of October, were boxes of sparklers, along with a slightly delayed Fourth of July message from D. D. Dungdodger. The form letter, used for years, read, in part:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"On this day of Independence, I, as director of the ICSA, extend to you my heartfelt good wishes. As I light my sparkler today here at the North Pole, my thoughts will be of you lighting yours; and although you are now within an unfortunate Smog Escape, rest assured that the ICSA is doing all that is humanly possible to end it. Remember—there's Escape for you somewhere! Hold on!

"May the Great Smog Saver in the Sky bless and protect you."

A personal, up-to-date P.S. followed:

"You might like to know the cause of the current SE. It is this: Labor Day weekend motorists, coupled with earlier Memorial Day weekend and Fourth of July weekend motorists in the United States, along with particularly heavy summer motoring in the rest of the world, have produced an unfortunate accumulation of smog over the entire Earth, which, I regret to say, also covers the oceans, except for a portion of the Central Pacific and the North and South poles.

"Good luck!"

But Henry really began to worry when, during the middle of October, the 'copters began dropping, in red, white, and blue parachutes, the revised *Holy Bible*. This, indeed, was foreboding.

Particularly when he coupled the act with the ever-growing number of Escape Vessels. As far as he could see, in all directions (except in the smogged-in rear), thousands of EVs slowly chugged before the smog. By the end of October captains were having difficulty in avoiding collisions with other EVs, and by the middle of November they were working full time at it, while trying to remain SE-Cheerful, their usual fulltime occupation. Passengers remained cheerful, however (with the exception of smog-starved Henry Littlefinger, who would have given his right lung to be, beer in hand, lying on a smoggy beach). Escapees continued to wave, also cheerfully, at passengers on other EVs, while shrieking, "There's Escape for you somewhere! Hold on!"

By the beginning of December the Pacific Ocean was so clogged with Escape ships, motorboats, rowboats, rafts, and even swimmers that movement was reduced to Unit I in the *ICSA Official Smog Escape Speed Chart for Use in Smog Escapes*—something slightly under a crawl—even though the reduced speed allowed the smog to approach frightfully close to the EVs. And indeed, so Henry and the other passengers on the Good Ship *Jolly* learned from the captain, the situation was exactly the same less than a hundred miles in front, to the south, and to the north of them—for smog advancing from these directions was pushing foreign EVs toward a gigantic collision with them in mid-Pacific. Further, so the captain also learned by official radio bulletins from the ICSA, smog was even getting close to the North and South poles—which were, of course, smog-proofed, however.

The upshot of all this was, the captain said somewhat uncheerfully, that the whole damn world was on a Smog Escape. "God [sic] help us," he muttered, uncheerfulness forcing him into archaic language, "if some damn fool Eskimo at the North Pole tries to drive a car during the Christmas weekend!"

Foreboding, too, was the speed of the smog: rather than lessening, it was increasing. No Smog Retreat was in sight.

A WEEK LATER Henry saw the first of the foreign EVs. Within hours he was able to see, approaching from west, south, and north, a veritable armada of them, all slowly chugging on a collision course, smog right behind them. By listening attentively, Henry was even able to hear the cheerful chant of the Escapees aboard, in seven languages: "There's Escape for you somewhere! Hold on!"

But the ICSA, after doubling the ration of SE-Cheerful pills, solved the problem a few hours later.

The first thing Henry noticed was that the engines of the Good Ship *Jolly* suddenly stopped. The silence was deafening. Then he noticed that engines on Escape Vessels around him also had died, including those on foreign ships. In minutes many of the EVs had floated together, banging and scraping sides. Passengers found it possible to reach out and cheerfully shake the hands of those on other ships. Henry, a dropout to the end, kept his hands jammed uncheerfully in his Escapee Jacket, issued in preparation for an SE winter.

Next, as the smog came closer and closer, Henry saw swarms of smog-proofed ICSA helicopters approaching. In minutes, hundreds of them hovered over the massed vessels. Rope ladders were thrown down so that each landed on an EV. From under each 'copter a group of men then appeared, one by one, some wearing frogman suits, and all carrying tools and equipment. They climbed down the ladder onto a ship or rowboat or raft, including the Good Ship *Jolly*, and each wore a shoulder patch depicting a giant Smog Fighter smashing smog with a great snort of Clean Air from his flared nostrils.

Immediately they set to work.

At the same time all fueling tankers began to move from the massed vessels.

Of all the Smog Escapees on the Good Ship *Jolly*, only Henry Littlefinger was uncheerful when he saw what these men from The World Beyond were setting out to do. Everybody but him greeted them cheerfully.

Henry shrieked, "You can't do this to me!"

The ICSA men, all with smog-free, clear-blue eyes, and ICSA tatooed on their eyelids, ignored him.

"I'm not a Smog Escapee!" he bawled. "I'm a Smog Dropout!"

Three Escapees cheerfully grabbed him and pushed him back into the crowd, where three more held him while chanting, "There's Escape for you somewhere! Hold on!" They sat on Henry until the ICSA men had completed their work in a matter of hours and had climbed back into the 'copters.

Freed, Henry at once struggled through the cheerful crowd to his rowboat, jumped in it and, slivering between vessels, began to row furiously away from the Good Ship *Jolly* and the other EVs, heading for the edge of the mass and disappearing into the smog.

And none too soon.

For no sooner had he reached a point of safety in the smog than every Smog Escapee on every Escape Vessel received the ultimate solution in Smog Escapism. Each Escaped, indeed, somewhere. As smog rolled in over the Escapees, there came a tremendous explosion—the result of explosives attached to every EV by the ICSA men—sending each Smog Escapee on his way to his final Escape. Cheerfully. And permanently.

And leaving Henry Littlefinger, sitting in his rowboat in the smog, well-rationed, still a Smog Dropout.

And, for the first time, smiling—cheerfully.

Sort of. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This year, give yourself a valuable Christmas present and, in return, we will give you another present FREE (we'll even do the same for your friends if you like!)

YES, TREAT YOURSELF (OR A FRIEND) TO A MOST USEFUL AND ENJOYABLE PRESENT THIS CHRISTMAS—AND WE'LL BE DELIGHTED TO ADD ANOTHER PRESENT FREE. BETTER YET, YOU CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS UNUSUAL OFFER WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE NOW A SUBSCRIBER TO THE NATIONAL REVIEW BULLETIN!

NATIONAL REVIEW
Nixon Tap Days p. 185
Abolish the Electoral College? p. 188
Whither Disenchanted Democrats? p. 188
BULLETIN
Conservatives, as Stanton Evans suggests on another page, are much concerned over the myriad rumors about the appointments Mr. Nixon will make to high office in his Administration. In nightmares, some see Cabinets headed by Thomas Kuchel as Secretary of State, with Jacob Javits as Attorney General, John Lindsay as Secretary of HEW, Stokely Carmichael as Secretary of Urban Affairs, Drew Pearson as chief of USIA and Linus Pauling as Ambassador to Russia.
Naturally, no one—not even Mr. Nixon—is going to like everybody on his list. It is necessary to keep in mind what Mr. Nixon's problem is. He is now become the head of government and leader of the nation, and governing a nation is not the same thing as leading a party or a tendency within the nation. It is not just rhetoric for a President-elect to declare his intention of unifying the country. To the extent that this is possible, it is his duty, and as means thereto he must try to secure the widest possible practical cooperation from those groups and interests in the country who opposed him in the campaign as well as from those who were for him all along. Inevitably this means bringing to Washington not only the early believers but prominent individuals who represent the opposition groups and interests in his own party and even in the other party.
But distinctions are in order. To carry out the conservative directive that the election has given, Mr. Nixon must put into the posts that are politically the most sensitive and important, persons in whom the voters who elected him President have confidence. For example, it would be a shocking affront to his supporters and to the mandate of the election if Nelson Rockefeller were named Secretary of State, but it would not be improper to make Rockefeller Secretary of Defense, a primarily administrative post for which he is qualified. To appoint Thomas Kuchel or Clifford Case to any high office would be hard for conservatives to swallow, but one of them, or even Hubert Humphrey himself, would be harmless enough as, say, UN Ambassador—an assignment customarily given to liberal ideologues who are glib in UNese.
The French speak of a "government of technicians," meaning an administration in which most of the positions are occupied by persons well qualified by training and experience for the jobs they must do but without much background in politics or interest in ideology. Republican Presidents have usually brought in, to the country's notable benefit, a much higher proportion of technicians than Democratic Presidents have been prone to. We may hope and expect that [illegible] will follow this Republican precedent, drawing [illegible] can find from business and the [illegible] nation's service. The political [illegible] the men put in the critical posts [illegible] great agencies and the key ad[illegible] posts just below top levels. The[illegible] conservatives should be most
THE WE
■ OBSCURED BY THE OBSCUR[illegible] turns from Illinois was the [illegible] gubernatorial election. In a [illegible] turned down the candidate o[illegible] Party, which favors common[illegible] land, and chose Luis A. Fer[illegible] movement. The most recen[illegible] Rico's political status was [illegible] 60% of the islanders favor[illegible] monwealth, 39% wanted [illegible] and strong gains by his N[illegible] Puerto Rican House of Re[illegible] dicate a change in popular[illegible]
■ THE RYUKYU ISLANDS [illegible] executive backed by Con[illegible] wants the islands return[illegible] big U.S. military bases [illegible] pour $200 million a yea[illegible] We have agreed to retur[illegible] tually—but there may [illegible] feel the bases are ess[illegible] China.
■ THE THREE YEMENI [illegible] plot to assassinate Ri[illegible] vagrant brouhaha in
William F. Buckley Jr.
God and Man at Yale

HERE'S WHAT WE MEAN:

1 *If you are not yet a BULLETIN subscriber,* take this opportunity to enter a full-year subscription at *no more* than the regular $7.00 rate, and we'll send you, *free* and postpaid, a copy of "God and Man at Yale," the first book Wm. F. Buckley ever wrote. You pay only $7.00 for *both* the BULLETIN and this fine book! (Just check the appropriate items on the card facing this page now, and mail it back to us immediately, so we can get your book into the mail before the last-minute holiday rush.)

2 *If you are already a BULLETIN subscriber,* you may use the card facing this page to send a Christmas gift subscription of the NR BULLETIN to the friend of your choice, and we'll send a copy of "God and Man at Yale" to your friend—or we'll send it to you, if you prefer. Again, just check the appropriate information on the card facing this page.

Now we'll admit that it is something more than the Christmas spirit that prompts us to make this attractive BULLETIN-plus-book offer:

Obviously, we want to introduce more readers to the sparkling NR BULLETIN! During the recent election campaign, we had many, many compliments on the crisp, factual information that the BULLETIN supplied—information you can't get elsewhere, in a fast-reading 8-page format that is ideal for the busy reader (just as it is an ideal *gift* for that hard-to-please friend or business associate!). Yes, the BULLETIN can make an unusual Christmas gift—and you can "shop" for it right now, without standing in line at a wrapping desk or post office. All you have to do is use the handy card opposite. And be sure to make it clear to whom you want the *free* copy of "God and Man at Yale" sent. Many thanks, and happy reading in the New Year!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSELL KIRK

PROGRESS IN BASIC READERS

FROM THE ACADEMY

After much hammering, some genuine reforms slowly are penetrating into the American petrified forest of primary education. The look-say illusion in the teaching of reading—Dick, Jane, and Spot, you know—is on the defensive, praise be, as people begin to understand once more that the phonetic method is the *only* sound way, after all, to teach children to read. And some firms are bringing out good basic readers, after decades of dreary "real life stories" and social-adjustment pabulum.

The old firm of Lippincott is doing well in these fields; Appleton-Century-Crofts, too, should be commended. Just because a textbook publisher claims to be offering (reluctantly) a "phonics approach," don't rejoice, however; *caveat emptor*. And never, gentle reader, swallow the facile argument of publishers that their series "combines the best features of the phonics and word-recognition approaches." That is like combining the best features of Beef Stroganoff and mud pies.

An expert in the realm of phonics writes to me thus: "Is there any way you can bring out to the public the fact that today *all* the publishers are claiming a 'strong emphasis on phonics,' but that most of the texts still are basically the same old Dick and Jane approach? Macmillan and Harper & Row are gaining from the downgrading of Dick and Jane, yet the exhortation to use sight-reading techniques dominates their textbooks. The Macmillan is awful. . . . Ah, yes, there is a long list called 'phonics' in the back, with pages and pages noted; but if you look at the pages, what they are suggesting in most cases is *consonant substitution*—in other words, Dick and Jane phonics!"

People who are dismayed by the conflicting claims of textbook publishers in these fields might do well to consult two impartial, non-profit organizations that work for sound reform in reading-instruction and literature at the primary level: the Council for Basic Education (725 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.) and the Reading Reform Foundation (36 West 44th Street, New York City).

I AM PARTICULARLY impressed by the continuing success and energy and imagination of the pioneer publisher in these reforms—the Open Court Publishing Company, La Salle, Illinois. This firm commenced its reading program six years ago, as a labor of love and duty, supported by a family foundation—and now has discovered, somewhat to its surprise, that manuals using the phonics method, and really interesting basic readers, sell like hot cakes.

Open Court itself commenced two generations ago as a philosophical undertaking of the intellectual Carus family, and has published many good books in the fields of religion and philosophy. The present proprietor, Mr. M. B. Carus—educated at the California Institute of Technology, the Sorbonne, and Freiburg—is passionately intent upon doing justice to the intellects of the rising generation; he is much helped by his wife, who translates many of the reader-selections from literature of other lands. Folders giving a complete description of the "Open Court Correlated Language Arts Program" may be obtained free of charge from the firm.

Open Court instructs teachers in their methods, maintaining "demonstration centers" in fifteen states. No Fabian gradualists of education, the Open Court believes in *intensive* phonics. The admirable results of their method have been demonstrated in all sorts of schools. They have met with remarkable success in the schools of the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn, for instance—exploding the notion that children in "culturally deprived" neighborhoods can't possibly master phonics or profit from imaginative readers.

Open Court books and approaches are no less successful in average and affluent districts. Take the Cypress School District in southern California, which tested the Open Court methods and materials in 1966-67. Tests show that, in terms of the Stanford Achievement Test, schools using Open Court (with a single exception) did a vastly better job of teaching children to read than did schools using the prevalent Dick-and-Jane approach and "controlled vocabulary" readers. Among first graders, "the 3.8 cumulative median enjoyed by Open Court classes exceeds the conventional levels by an impressive margin of one year, eight months."

Cypress is a district of family incomes slightly better than the California average; but the results of the Open Court program have been equally heartening in the schools in Greenwood, Mississippi (Leflore County), with a large Negro population. The county's director of instruction found that Open Court had worked wonders in a single year. "A first-grade child usually has a vocabulary of a little more than 300 words and a maximum of 800," the director remarks. "At the end of this school year [using Open Court] these first graders should have a vocabulary of something like 6,000 words."

OPEN COURT'S first-grade reader includes many folk tales and nursery rhymes, and selections from Aesop, Vachel Lindsay, Christina Rossetti, Robert Louis Stevenson, Leo Tolstoy, and Robert Southey. At the top of the series, the sixth-grade reader includes such authors as Emily Dickinson, Shakespeare, Pericles, Edith Hamilton, Homer, Simonides, Louis Untermeyer, Francis Bacon, Chaucer, Walter Scott, Walt Whitman, Theodore Roosevelt, the Benéts, Whittier, Hamlin Garland, Defoe, Mark Twain, Sinclair Lewis, Tennyson, William Blake, Byron—but I am out of space. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose Your Own Protest

GEOFFREY WAGNER

The American University
By Jacques Barzun
Harper, $7.95

Jacques Barzun's new book could hardly be more timely. For the most part it is an eye-opening exposition of the workings of the academy, which has today turned into a masochistic extension of the welfare state, with education "administered to the passive beneficiary like vaccination" or "a shower for the bride." (A Barzunian law: "As welfare functions increase the removal of ignorance declines.") The contradictory nature of the demands on this new cornucopia is well summarized by Barzun in the now routine student shriek of "Down with Alma Mater!" accompanied, in the next breath, by "Sanctuary!" It is illustrated in his anecdote of a group of Columbia students who angrily demanded, *and got*, a university grant to pillory the abuses of the university; it is well known that subsidy of student newspapers today is an invitation to daily insult, often obscene.

The part of this rich book which documents the mushrooming of multiversity shows a house now fatally divided in this manner. The campus has become a supermarket, the student a client. And what a pampered shopper, too. Reading of these demands for TV and telephone in every hall, I recalled that a generation as recent as my own at Oxford had no running water in its rooms, generally washed in cold, and crossed a quadrangle for a bath. Kenneth Tynan accused us the other day of not being belligerent enough, but, unlike him, the majority had been so with honor, in uniform, for six years. The present student generation is soft and (notably in comparison with the French) spoilt, and it knows it. Hence the guilty yapping for a cause—"Most of the talk was about the courageous Mexican students. People felt vaguely guilty. It was real down there, there was real fighting, real bullets, real death, real revolution" (*Village Voice,* October 10).

SINCE SOCIETY spoils them, nothing will serve these pathetic victims but total demolition: or, as Barzun puts it, "The cause is simply to ruin the going scheme." This lyrical nihilism turns to water in their hands, however, as it becomes strictly fashionable in the society around, with Guggenheims pouring over LeRoi Jones, and Berkeley kids insisting that "Professor" Eldridge Cleaver be instated, graced as he is by the academic qualification of jail terms for rape and attempted murder. An Evelyn Waugh could want no more. "If it's a protest, I'll sign it," says a student in Barzun's pages; the *chic* of this is underlined in the (serious) advice in October's *Cosmopolitan* to the young wife on how to stay so: "Join a protest movement. (Choose your own protest.) . . . Save your reading time for *Ramparts.*" In short, this is a long and important book—on trustees, donors, administration, the new and often overpaid professoriat (one thinks of the near quarter of a million going to those two great minds in New York City for almost no classroom work at all, Marshall McLuhan and Arthur Schlesinger).

In criticism, it can be said that the book is not about "the American university" so much as about Columbia (and it simply will not do to refer to Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia as cognates). Barzun seems blissfully ignorant of practices long current at the city colleges within a stone's throw of his own throne. Here we really earn our money—no "raiding" of *our* faculties, no kindly mortgage for the country house, no summer research grants, no "publish or perish" syndrome (where publication advances you only in the envy of colleagues); yet, on the other hand, each teacher is personally invigilated over a period of years. Such places have to know what goes on inside the classroom.

There is something a little vulgar about the Olympian attitude of this book, from its wrap-around jacket showing Barzun conferring a degree on a buddy, to the names of the great dropped throughout, and the reiterated reference to faculty disagreement with administrative fiats as so much "growling in the kennels." For later we learn that the kennels are supposed to be at the top of the house—"any central administrator who knows his job takes it for granted that his function is to serve the purposes of the faculty." As one who has taught for nearly twenty years in America, and at more institutions than has Barzun, I have yet to meet a Dean who shares this view, let alone one who wasn't earning double my salary for less exacting hours, and forms, of work. Barzun glows over Deans who begin—"nominally"—at "8:30 in the morning." I have taught classes in New York beginning, not nominally but actually, at 7:30 sharp and seen students in conference beforehand. One of these, who lived in Far Rockaway, used to get up at 4:00 A.M. to meet me, but then he wasn't an orthodox rebel, he evidently wanted to get an education.

THESE ARE MERE cavils. The book is both brilliant and depressing. For what is "the choice ahead"? I share with Barzun a pessimism in seeing more of the same that has beset us of late, notably when majority is given to eighteen-year-olds, which will totally alter the old semantic ratio of town and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gown. "Learning and fundamental research would go into limbo." It is true that he courageously offers a set of proposals at the end of his study, calling on universities to become truly independent again and to form, perhaps, a sort of collective charter (as for the Ph.D., he wisely suggests that it be given to every native-born American at birth). But as the aim in the air is general ruin, and revision of the curriculum every two or three years, who will heed such? Instead of reform of a structure we recognize, it is more likely that we are coming to the end of an attitude. "Or, rather, there can develop a university of the Japanese sort, a little totalitarian state under the dictatorship of the students, abetted by those faculty members whose politics jibe with theirs." For parents with young children, it's quite a thought. □

Preserve And Protect
By Allen Drury
Doubleday, $6.95

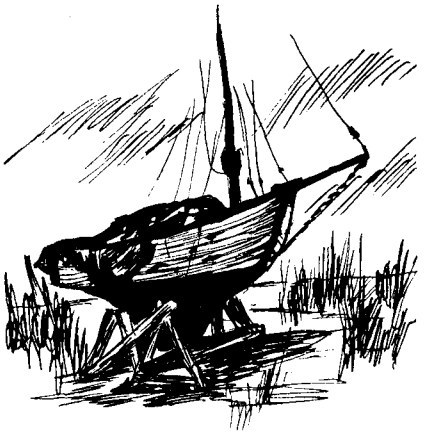
THE VIOLENT EXPLAIN IT AWAY

M. STANTON EVANS

Historians who try to reconstruct the politics of twentieth-century America will have even more difficulty than is usual in such cases. A proper history, after all, should draw from sources on either edge of the ideological divide. Given the state of the materials, this won't be easy to do.

Although the contending forces seem at present to be rather closely balanced in strength, most contemporary writing on political subjects isn't balanced at all. We suffer a cultural lag in such matters between the fact of political experience and the theory by which it is perceived. Our reference works and political hornbooks are written from the liberal point of view, and tend to reflect "realities" as liberals see them. Anyone who depended on these authorities for an understanding of today's events would quickly find himself at sea.

There are a number of correctives which can be applied when such a lag develops. One is to work up a body of countervailing literature to set against the orthodoxy. This has begun to occur in America with the recent growth of the conservative intellectual community. Another is for the orthodox themselves to readjust their notions of what is real and what is not, a process which is now, somewhat belatedly, getting



under way. Still another is to invoke the power of imagination against the settled view of things, expressing themes dramatically which would have trouble surfacing as formal exposition. This last has been familiar technique from the time of Aristophanes, and is in many ways the most powerful sort of political communication.

The novels of Allen Drury supply this kind of literary corrective for our time. Drury is very much a writer with a cause, and his cause is to expose the confusions of the liberal mind in American politics. To this endeavor he brings a remarkable instinct for issues and an intimate knowledge of the political and journalistic world of Washington. These qualities have produced a series of novels that our future historian would be wise to consult if he wants to know something about the feel and shape of mid-twentieth-century politics. The way things are comes through a good deal more clearly in the pages of Drury than it does in the pages of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. or Theodore Sorensen.

Preserve And Protect picks up, in chronology and theme, where Drury's last novel, *Capable of Honor*, leaves off. Protagonists of the drama are Secretary of State Orrin Knox, a familiar figure from Drury's earlier books, and Governor Ted Jason, also playing a return engagement. Knox and Jason battle for their party's Presidential nomination after the incumbent chief executive is killed in a plane crash. The liberal Jason, who takes a "dove" stance on foreign policy, is backed by militants who try to stampede the party with violence. Marches, riots, and assassination plots punctuate the Jason campaign, while liberal commentators demand his nomination as Danegeld for the rioters. The candidate himself seeks to reap all possible benefit from the turmoil, while ambiguously disowning it. His equivocation provides the moral center of the novel.

It would be hard to imagine a story line which more truly suggests the flavor of what has been happening in America. Drury's novelistic world is exactly like our own in that it is doubly menaced—not only by those who employ violence, but by those who explain it away or use it as a form of political blackmail. The mouthings of his liberal characters might have been taken, word for word, from the official reports and analyses which place the blame for riots anywhere but on the people engaged in them. It is interesting to note, indeed, that the struggle between the Jasonites and the Knoxians climaxes in a nominating session encircled by a howling mob. Considering the fact that the novel was completed four months before the Democratic convention in Chicago, this makes Drury a pretty good prophet as well as a discerning social critic.

DRURY DEMONSTRATES the connection between the mentality which would speak softly to domestic anarchists and that which has led on to disaster in the cold war. The same willingness to extenuate, to meet brutality with concession and compromise, marks a certain species of the liberal mind in domestic and foreign policies alike. The people who think you can compromise with Communism abroad turn out, all too often, to be the people who would explain away terror at home. The Kerner report and *The Liberal Papers* are, in the final analysis, simply different aspects of the same befuddled intelligence. No one has expressed the peculiarities of this outlook better than Drury, or shown more clearly its intolerance toward those who do not share its toleration of evil.

Along the way, Drury continues the pummeling of the liberal press which distinguished *Capable of Honor*. The celebrated "Walter Dobius" is once more in evidence along with other Drury-created journalists, a form of characterization in which the author excels. As a veteran Washington news-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, Drury is on familiar territory when he lampoons the one-sided coverage of the national media. The asides and the biases he attributes to the liberal reporters on the fringes of the narrative are devastating in their accuracy. In this respect, too, he has provided a portion of the real record of our times which is systematically left out of the accredited histories.

The weakness most frequently alleged against Drury is that his characters are one-dimensional—the good guys too insufferably good, the bad guys too impossibly bad. In many instances this is true, as it frequently is with polemical-satirical fiction. The characters in *Candide* and *Hard Times* are not particularly well-rounded, either. Drury has set out to make a philosophical point that desperately needs to be made, and he makes it well. He gives us, in sharp clear hues, an honest picture of the issues and people that are shaping our national destiny. If there were a Pulitzer prize for truth-in-fiction, *Preserve and Protect* would surely win this year's award hands down. □

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

BEATIUS EST MAGIS DARE

GUY DAVENPORT

There's a new Edward Gorey, to get the season off on the right foot; it's called *The Blue Aspic*, and is published by Meredith for $2.95. We might as well proceed from here to handsome, wholesome, all-purpose Christmas books. There's Ted Stokes' *Birds of the Atlantic Ocean* (Macmillan, $12.95), with illustrations by Keith Shackleton And *The Crafts of the Modern World*, about anything you can think of that's made by hand; 405 illustrations, 25 in color (Horizon, $15). The *Art in Science* series adds a third volume, devoted this year to drawings, paintings, and photographs from *Scientific American* (Simon & Schuster, $10), suitable for the same person who might like Philip Ritterbush's *The Art of Organic Forms*, a book about the use by artists of biological imagery (Smithsonian Institution Press, $10). Time-Life Books has a fetching book about the larger *Feliae, The Cats of Africa* ($9.95) by Maitland A. Edey, with photographs by John Dominis.

Winslow Ames' *Prince Albert and Victorian Taste* (Viking, $12) is both a fascinating study and something of an eye-opener, especially if you have your mind tidily made up about things Victorian. A shallower study of a period but a more entertaining one, is Virginia Cowles' *1913: An End and a Beginning* (Harper, $10.95), in which we get a look at London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Paris, and New York in the *Belle Epoque*. In New York the Vanderbilts amused themselves after dinner by smashing precious Nymphenburg and Copenhagen china against the wall (and were not ashamed to be photographed doing it): enough to make a Bolshevik out of Robert E. Lee. A beguiling book.

Cirici Pellicer's *1900 in Barcelona* (Tudor $12.50) is another careful look at a rich past. Nikolaus Pevsner moves through the same period, beginning much earlier, in his scholarly *Studies in Art, Architecture, and Design*, Volume I of which is called *Mannerism to Romanticism*; Volume II, *Victorian and After* (Walker, each $15). Nicholas Bentley's *The Victorian Scene 1837-1901* (New York Graphic Society, $17.50) has 420 illustrations, forty in color. Horizon Press has reissued Henry James' *English Hours* with the 79 drawings Joseph Pennell did for it; Marius Bewley has contributed an introduction ($7.95). To all this nostalgia ought to be added *The Horizon Book of Great Cathedrals*, edited by Morris Bishop (Houghton, $16.50); 43 cathedrals, plus a quick glance at 135 others; and Olive Cook's *The English House through Seven Centuries* (Nelson, $19.95).

Atheneum has brought out *V. Sackville-West's Garden Book* ($5.95), a thoroughly charming book; and next to it on one's shelf there's a bit more technical book but one just as fascinating, *Modern Private Gardens* by Susan and Geoffrey Jellicoe. There are 130 photographs and numerous plans, and many a useful inspiration for a country whose backyards are slowly being asphalted over and whose front yards are shaved grass only (Abelard-Schuman, $10). A companion study is K. Nishihara's *Japanese Houses: Patterns for Living* (Japan Publications, $15).

THERE ARE this year two quite wonderful photographic records of the American past: Wayne Andrews' *Architecture in Chicago and Mid-America* (Atheneum, $20), and *American Album: How We Looked and Lived in a Vanished USA*, compiled by the editors of *American Heritage* (Simon and Schuster, $17.50)—a superior book indeed, impossible to put down except for the claims of imminent childbirth or fire.

The Russian past gets two excellent studies in Ronald Hingley's *The Tsars 1533-1917* (Macmillan, $10.95), a wittily written and comprehensively conceived history; and Joel Carmichael's *A Cultural History of Russia* (Weybright and Talley, $12.50), which is in places sketchy but nevertheless an informative work.

Among the travel and archeological

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random Notes

■ IN THE NEWS: *Robert F. Kennedy: The Myth and the Man,* Victor Lasky's unfriendly study, was delayed by the assassination; is now out with a new final chapter (Trident, $6.95). . . . Ota Sik, the man who started it all with his program of decentralizing socialism in the Czechoslovakian economy, outlines his theories in *Plan and Market under Socialism,* now available in English from International Arts and Sciences Press (108 Grand Street, White Plains, New York 10601). . . . First in-depth account of the Soviet response to Dr. Sik's monkeyings is *Czechoslovakian Journal,* by the *New York Times'* Harry Schwartz (Praeger, January).

Nothing being sacred any more, five British scholars have gone and done it to Winston Churchill. A. J. P. Taylor, J. H. Plumb and Basil Liddell Hart are among contributors to *Churchill Revised,* which critically reassesses Churchill's abilities as politician, statesman, military strategist and author, as well as his very psyche (Dial, January, $5.95). . . . The Six Days of June 1967 are turned upside down to make a scary novel, *If Israel Lost the War.* It took three people to write it—Richard G. Chesnoff, Edward Klein and Robert Littell (Coward-McCann, February, $5.95). . . . Puzzling, the renewed interest in Soviet nastiness. Latest specimen is *Confess! Confess!,* Yehoshua Gilboa's account of eight years (1940-48) in Russian prisons (Little, Brown, $6.95).

■ THE AVANT GARDE: *A* is for Andy (Warhol); it's also the title of his, uh, novel all about the Velvet Underground folks—meticulously transcribed from hundreds of furlongs of tape, much of it recorded in a bathroom (Grove, $10). . . . Claes Oldenburg, sculptor of giant cheeseburgers and chocolate malts, offers *Projects for Monuments*—ninety of them, designed for various cities (Follett, Spring, $10). . . . R. Crumb is a comic-strip artist who blends the gritty lines and shadows, exaggerated feet and noses and old-fashioned conventions (idea light bulbs; sleep saws-in-logs) of the Twenties and Thirties, with up-to-date psychedelic surrealism; if over 21 but under 30, don't miss his *Head Comix* (Viking, $4.95; paperback $2.50).

■ ODDMENTS: The all-new twelfth edition of Emily Post's *Etiquette* is due in January (Funk & Wagnalls, $6.95); with it comes a facsimile of the first edition, dated 1922 (Funk & Wagnalls, $10). . . . Robin Moore, fur-chested author of *The Green Berets,* has sold out: His next book is *Fiedler: The Colorful Mr. Pops—The Man and His Music* (Little, $6.95). . . . Beardsley is Out. Mucha's Sarah Bernhardt posters are Out. God help us, Tiffany lamps are Out. Next craze: The bastard Bauhaus, pseudo-Cubist, chrome-plated world recalled in Bevis Hillier's *Art Deco of the Twenties and Thirties* (Dutton paperback, $2.45).

books there are many fine offerings. Patrick Crampton gives us—in prose far better than that of most archeologists, a race given to writing with dry caution—yet another theory about Stonehenge in *Stonehenge of the Kings: A People Appear* (John Day, $7.50). Jacquetta Hawkes' *Dawn of the Gods: The Minoan and Mycenaean Origins of Greece* (Random House, $17.95) is both a beautifully illustrated book (200 photographs by Dimitrios Harissiades, many in color) and a scholarly reassessment of recent discoveries and theories. You can see for the first time a suit of Homeric armor, excavated five years ago; the artifacts of archaic Greece have never been more sensitively photographed. Ludwig Drees's *Olympia: Gods, Artists, and Athletes* (Praeger, $13.95) is almost as handsome a work of both scholarship and photography; it records what can still be known of the Olympic games and the religious and cultural context in which they were played.

Mortimer Wheeler's *Flames over Persepolis* (Reynal/Morrow, $8.95) traces the history of the great desert capital and trading city which Alexander burned to avenge the Persian invasion of Greece, and gives an archeological account of what the city must have been like in its heyday. Lady Margaret Wheeler's *History Was Buried* (Hart, $12.50) is an anthology of accounts of discoveries and excavations; copious photographs. Jonathan Norton Leonard's *Early Japan* (Time-Life, $6.60), another volume in the "Great Ages of Man" series, is competently written if a bit tacky in its design. Pierre Montet's *Lives of the Pharaohs* (World, $10.95) is an extremely fine book by a major Egyptologist. *From the Beginning: Archeology and Art in the Israel Museum, Jerusalem* (Reynal/Morrow, $12.95) is a thorough survey of the national museum of Israel by Karl Katz, P. P. Kahane, and Magen Broshi, and demonstrates admirably the long continuity of Jewish culture from prehistory to modern painting: a continuity with no breaks in it. The text is informative, the illustration magnificent.

Other splendid books as good to look at as to read are Jean Yoyotte's *Treasure of the Pharaohs* (Skira/World, $27.50), Paolo Portoghesi's *The Rome of Borromini* (400 photographs, 250 plans, Braziller, $25). Edward Terrace's *Egyptian Paintings of the Middle Kingdom* (51 color plates, Braziller, $25), Pedro Ramírez Vázquez's *The National Museum of Anthropology, Mexico,* a grand array of the art, archeology, and ethnography of the Aztecs and Toltecs; 308 illustrations, 53 in color (Abrams, $25), *Chinese Art under the Mongols* by Sherman Lee and Wai-kam Ho, with 350 illustrations (Western Reserve University and the Cleveland Museum of Art, $15), *A History of Egyptian Architecture: The Empire or New Kingdom,* by Alexander Badawy (University of California, $20); and if you've followed this list with interest you will also want to know about André Grabar's *Christian Iconography: A Study of Its Origins* (Bollingen Series XXXV: 10, Princeton, $15).

THE BIG art book of the season is undoubtedly Richard Meryman's *The Art of Andrew Wyeth* (Houghton, $55), an elephant folio of the wistful realist of Chadd's Ford. The mad Dutch evangelist Van Gogh continues to claim attention of all kinds, and there are four new studies: A. M. Hammacher's *Genius and Disaster: The Ten Creative Years of Vincent Van Gogh,* 134 illustrations, fifty in color (Abrams, $17.50); Fritz Erpel's *Van Gogh: The Self-Portraits,* 59 illustrations, thirteen in color (New York Graphic Society, $7.50); Jean Leymarie's *Who Was Van*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gogh? (Skira/World, $10); and Parker Tyler's *Van Gogh* in the Doubleday World Art Series ($7.95).

The new Time-Life art book is *The World of Brueghel* ($7.95) by Timothy Foote. Like the other volumes in this series, it explores the times and precedents of the painter, and except for the frequent muddiness of the color plates is altogether well done. Morrow has published a very large album of Rembrandt with eighty color plates; the text is by Horst Gerson; and there are 600 illustrations in all ($39.95). There are several studies of painters not usually given the credit they deserve: *Charles Sheeler* (Smithsonian Institution Press, $10) with essays by Martin Friedman, Barlett Hayes Jr. and Charles Millard; *The Art of Charles Prendergast* by Richard Wattenmaker, with 69 illustrations, twelve in color (New York Graphic Society, $10); *The Drawings of Paul Delvaux* (Grove, $30); *After the Hunt: William Harnett and Other American Still Life Painters 1870-1900,* by Alfred Frankenstein, a new, revised edition of a beautiful book (California, $12.50); and *John Crome* by Derek Clifford and Timothy Clifford, 178 illustrations, six in color (New York Graphic Society, $18.50).

Hammond has brought out a new collection of the perennially favorite Currier and Ives, this time a bit more sophisticated in its reach backward for less known prints, *Currier and Ives' Chronicles of America,* edited by John Lowell Pratt ($14.95). Little Brown has John Wilmerding's *A History of American Marine Painting* ($25); and Horizon, Nathan Lyons' *The Photograph: A Gallery of the World's Finest from the Beginning of Photography to the Present Day* ($22.95); the photographs are from the George Eastman House collection. Other well done studies of single painters are: *Dali,* by Max Gerard (Abrams, $35), with 271 illustrations, eighty in color; *Seurat* by Pierre Courthion (Abrams, $15), with 125 illustrations, 48 in color; *Hogarth: Complete Engravings* by Joseph Burke and Colin Caldwell (Abrams, $18.50), with 276 illustrations; and *Who Was Corbusier?* by Maurice Besset (Skira/World, $10).

Franz Roh's *German Art in the Twentieth Century* (New York Graphic Society, $30) has 617 illustrations, 42 of them in color; an equally attractive book is *African Art* by the anthropologist Michel Leiris and Jacqueline Delange (Golden Press, $29.95), with 450 illustrations, a hundred of them in color; this is volume XI of the Arts of Mankind, edited by André Malraux.

Though not technically an art book, Curtis Bill Pepper's account of how the sculptor Manzù made his busts of Pope John (*An Artist and the Pope,* Grosset and Dunlap, $9.95) is a moving and wholly fascinating book. Columbia University Press is distributing in this country a fine series of color slides made by the British Museum; among the more interesting are *Antiquities of Prehistoric and Roman Britain* (44 slides, $35.70); *Old Testament History* (52 slides, $42.85); and *Writing in Western Asia, Its Origins and Development from Pictures to Letters* (42 slides, $35.70). And Benton Spruance's *Moby Dick: The Passion of Ahab* (Barre, $185) would make a fine gift indeed; text by Lawrence Thompson. Most of the prices listed here go up after the first of the year. Happy shopping. □

MOVIES

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL

RICHARD CORLISS

After gorging on the sort of films that are available, nay, mandatory, at the New York Film Festival (which unreeled in late September at Manhattan's Lincoln Center), the viewer should probably mistrust his eyes, mind and prose style for weeks to come. To attend, and then comprehend, all of the footage shown during the Festival requires preternatural gifts, among which bilocation is the least taxing. To then write about the experience with any clarity and compassion is an almost impossible task. Something tends to split in the critic: if not his personality, then at least his infinitives. The reviewer's mind is bombarded by so much "plastic material" that it runs the risk of turning into it.

But enough critical kvetching. The Sixth New York Film Festival presented 24 feature films in Philharmonic Hall, and many more features and shorts in an adjacent auditorium during these twelve days of chaos. Half of the Philharmonic films were of French origin; of the others, three were German, three Czech, two American; Brazil, Yugoslavia, Hungary and Sweden each contributed one. In keeping with the aesthetic, if not ascetic, tone of the place and purpose, the films were mostly "difficult."

The problem here is not in taking so many films seriously, but in taking, at one sitting (and it seemed like a single two-week sit), so many serious films. But movies—or, rather, films—are serious business. Over thirty years ago Mark Van Doren wrote, "Any art is in a perilous position from the moment it begins to be recognized as art. It is difficult for anything to be natural after its nature is known." When the magazines, the museums and, especially, the festivals started encouraging film as an art, film-makers started increasing their output of "artistic" films. Too often they turn out to be exercises for the mind and eye, not experiences for the heart. And, unfashionable as it may be to say it, the heart has its reasons, which are not necessarily visible on a movieola or enumerable in a monograph.

The event's controlling intellect (one would never say "controlling spirit" for such a high-minded gathering) was not that of Festival Director Richard Roud, who chose the pictures and wrote most of the program's egregiously fanzine ad copy, but of Film Director Jean-Luc Godard, the Third World's patron saint (*vide* Roud's breathless and well-nigh mindless attempt at hagiography, the book-length *Godard*). Roud's uncritical devotion led him, while rejecting François Truffaut's new film, to accept the latest Godard, which was not, and is not yet, finished; the screening had to be cancelled. But two examples of God-Art were available (*Two or Three Things I Know About Her* and *Weekend*), as well as several imitation relics, one from Italy (Bernardo Bertolucci's *Partner*) and one from Germany (Alexander Kluge's *Artists Under the Big Top: Perplexed*).

Bertolucci's visual sense is as acute, though perhaps not so restrained, as that of his master, and his equally acute and unfettered romanticism is charming; one thinks of the apprentice Ingres trying to pour some passion into a David lamp. But when he turns to plot and structure, Bertolucci turns *Partner* into a cynically exact, while still exquisite, carbon copy; he then

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suggests Van Meegeren. Kluge's film, concerning, like Bertolucci's, the attempt to create Revolutionary Theater (a theme Godard wove into the complex *gestalt* of his most successful collage, *La Chinoise*), is at least as intelligent as a Godard (let us say, it is far less confused) and certainly as intricate, but far less interesting. The delight comes in putting together the parts of a puzzle, not in savoring the parts for themselves.

WEEKEND, Godard's latest work and the hit of the Festival, is supposed to be a "film-essay," but it is really a film-newspaper. Though his recent pictures have as recognizable a personality as the *New York Times* or the *National Enquirer*, the films' individual sequences can be expected to cohere about as much as individual news stories. Some are good, some are not so good. In *Weekend*, these are mostly NSG. It opens with an ambiguously satirical monologue (that means it doesn't quite work as satire, but you can't be sure whether it was intended as such) about a sexual adventure of the sort described, to much greater dramatic effect, in Ingmar Bergman's *Persona*. Next comes a grotesquely humorous picture-story of a traffic jam that would look nice in *Life;* this too was done better before, in Laurel and Hardy's *Two Tars*. Most of the following sequences, or articles, are also second-hand and second-rate; a political monologue in the spirit, but below the standards, of *La Chinoise*; a cops-and-robbers dénouement derived from *Bonnie and Clyde*, which was in turn derived from what should have been the last word on kid-stuff crime, Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player*; and a punch-line about cannibalism (off-handedly swiped from a remarkable Japanese film, Kon Ichikawa's *Fires on the Plain*) that is supposed to hit us with Goyaesque force but instead feels like the calculated japery of a Billy Wilder massage.

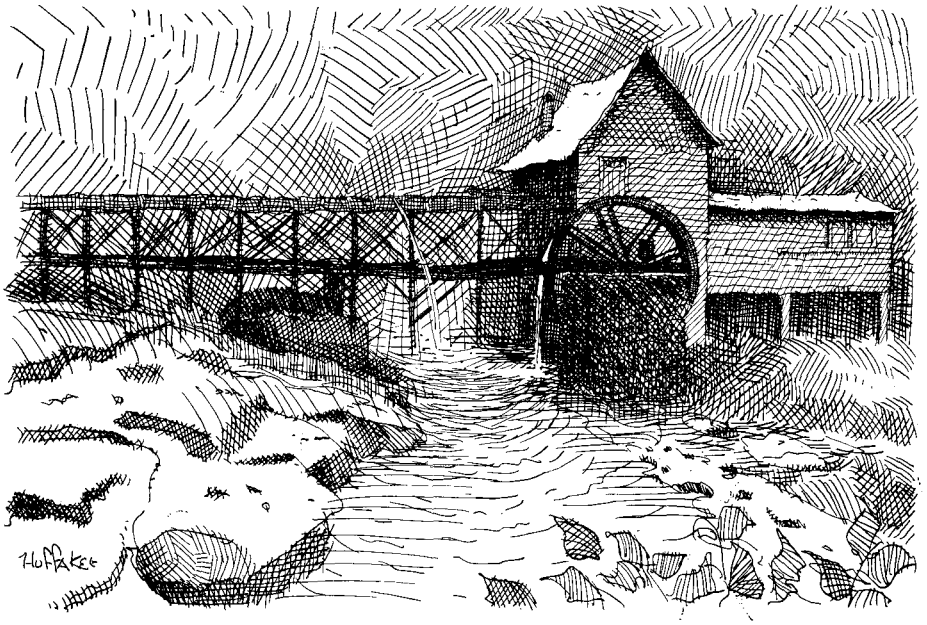
The whole thing, if one can impute unity to a Godard film, seems to be meant as an attack on bourgeois culture, which admittedly deserves a ribbing, if not a kneeing; but Godard's "characters"—an old-fashioned concept, to be sure—are so blind and banal that the flabbiest radical mind couldn't assume them to represent even a scrupulous caricature of the bourgeoisie. There is also an analogy drawn between the nearly nuclear traffic jam in *Weekend* and the Crummy World Situation: that is, the possibility of a bumped fender like Vietnam escalating to highway carnage on the megadeath scale—the domino, or reverse-Chinese puzzle-box, theory. This would provide a welcome original touch, had not every political analyst worth his bile written to death, three or four years ago, the irony that more Americans were being killed on a typical Fourth-of-July weekend in their cars than in the trenches. We grant Godard his *hommages à* Laurel and Hardy; but *hommages à* Lippmann and Hoppe?

All this would be captious caviling if *Weekend* worked—if it displayed the cleansing meanness of spirit wielded by Pietro Germi in *Seduced and Abandoned* (to mention an excellent film), or the clear-eyed compassion shown by Jean Renoir in *Rules of the Game* (to mention one of the greatest). But *Weekend* lacks these vital qualities: precision, understanding, cohesion.

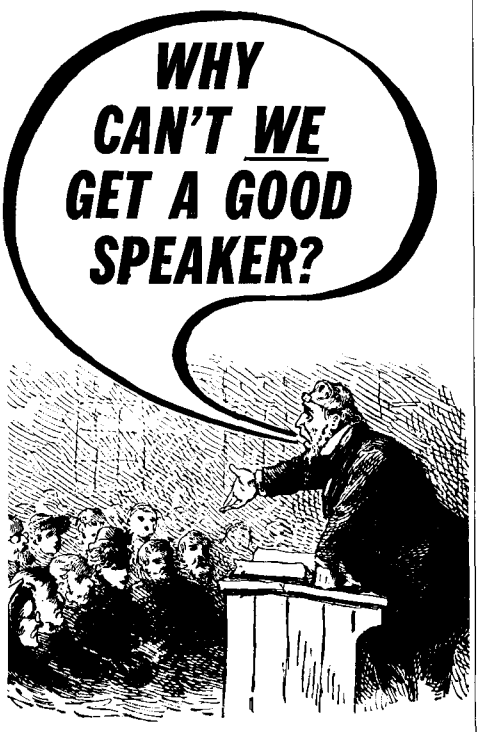
It is argued that a new kind of film like *Weekend* needs a new kind of criticism. The traditional method—of judging a work of art on the basis of the extent to which it succeeds in achieving its creator's intentions, imposing an aesthetic order on life's chaos, and enlarging our boundaries of human experience—cannot apply to Godard, his supporters propose, because we don't know his intentions, because he doesn't pretend to make unified films in a fragmented world, and because it is enough for a work of art to make us conscious of itself, not more conscious of ourselves. Like it or lump it. If this is the only justification for giving Godard his lumps when we feel he deserves them, we accept it. Besides, since a new Godardity appears with the approximate regularity of the *Christian Science Monitor*, we can expect new fragments to arrive shortly, and hope that the fragments may somehow fall together, whether through his intelligence or ours. Tune in next issue.

The ponderous feeling provoked by *Weekend*, which is discussed at such length because it and Godard and the implications of both are so important to *cinéastes* and cinephiles of the Festival breed, was aggravated by so many of the other films shown, that, toward the end of the series, one had the sense of melancholic claustrophobia common to a person alone in a big city. The oppression of *things* becomes intolerable, the need to escape to *persons* critical. The persons needn't be witty, or attractive, or especially interesting, but being people, they offer human contact. This was a Festival imperative, and fortunately, in the final two days, we got to see some people—small-minded or generous, cowardly or kind, vain or honest, and sometimes all of these—and by the end of the two films, Maurice Pialat's *L'Enfance Nue* and Kjell Grede's *Hugo and Josephine*, they were real people, and they were our friends.

L'*Enfance Nue*, which could mean "Forlorn Childhood," is so palpably full of life because it treats its "subject"—a ten-year-old motherless child who finds his home only when separated from his elderly adoptive parents—



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How many times have you asked yourself that question after sitting through another dull meeting? Really good speakers aren't easy to get these days, it's true—yet it **takes** a good speaker to make your meeting come alive!

Fortunately, you as a conservative **can** get a good speaker for your next meeting — whether it be social, business, student, civic or political. Some of the finest speakers in America are available from Catherine Babcock, Inc. **now**, to help make your meeting a memorable success. And, most important, **they speak your language** — they're all outstanding conservatives.

Just watch the sparks fly when one of these men begins to speak —

- ★ **William A. Rusher**
- ★ **Ralph de Toledano**
- ★ **F. Clifton White**
- ★ **Frederick Wilhelmsen**
- ★ **Charles W. Wiley**
- ★ **Ernest van den Haag**
- ★ **L. Brent Bozell**
- ★ **Russell Kirk**
- ★ **Thomas Molnar**
- ★ **Frank S. Meyer**
- ★ **William F. Rickenbacker**

You won't have to worry about dull meetings or poor attendance when you use speakers and lecturers of this caliber. And it's so easy. All you have to do to get started is drop us a line telling us the name of your organization and when you need a speaker. We'll take it from there. Write today to:

CATHERINE BABCOCK, INC.
544 Southside Road
Virginia Beach, Virginia

with sentiment, not sentimentality. The boy François, though attractive, is not cute: he throws cats down stairwells and rocks at speeding cars. Pialat has caught the reality of the kitchen table, around which so much of authentic family life and so much of the film center, and the realization of a first wary, then warm bond between an unloved child and a lovely, loving family. When *L'Enfance Nue* begins to embrace us, the critic in us reacts, like François, warily, by dipping into the film bag and dragging out names of other filmmakers who have transferred life to celluloid as honestly (Renoir and Olmi). But soon after, we have forgotten cinematic references. We embrace the film and its people, which are indistinguishable.

Hugo and Josephine has its own distracting safety valve for the reviewer: it is so well made that the formalist can concentrate on frame composition, rhythm of montage, and the rest of those artistic dodges. But, again, he is ultimately forced to face a beauty in the film that is more than visual, that explores a childhood love without reaching for a melodramatic plot angle or an adult overview, without prettifying love or debasing it. It breathes; we breathe with it. What more can be said?

Why is it so difficult to confront these films? Because what is impossible in criticism is not defining and judging a new art form (if indeed *Weekend* is an example of the new art), but capturing the rare and human experience with which a work of art touches us. Poetry is what is lost in translation; the experience of artistry is what is lost in criticism. Confronted by something pure and real, the critic becomes a tongueless beggar pointing the way to the Beautiful City, and the attempt to describe just what is so beautiful about that City often degenerates into clumsy tap-dancing. *L'Enfance Nue. Hugo and Josephine.* Please try to see them.

Alistair Cooke wrote, in 1934, that "a critic is firstly a person who sees differences where other persons are liable to see only similarities." By the end of the Festival, and with those two anachronistic, moral, guilty and entirely beautiful films still in mind, one critic could see only the following differences in the films: Orson Welles' *The Immortal Story*, 3½ stars; Claude Chabrol's *Les Biches*, 3 stars; Max Ophuls' *Lola Montes* and John Cassavetes' *Faces*, 2½ stars; Jacques Rivette's *La Religieuse*, Jean-Marie Straub's *The Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach* and Norman Mailer's *Beyond the Law*, 2 stars; Jiri Menzel's *Capricious Summer* and Milós Forman's *The Firemen's Ball*, 1½ stars. And the Festival? Not bad, pretty good, could have been better. . . . Teacher, may we have a break? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

LOVE AMONG THE DAUGHTERS, *by Elspeth Huxley (Morrow, $5.95).* Three hundred pages of the memories of a young woman who spent the years covered in studying agriculture and being shy at parties?—Unpromising—but the young woman was Elspeth Huxley, ah! And the time was the Twenties; her generation was "tired of compromise, of safety-first and bowlered Baldwin," and she herself was "anxious to collect experiences as one might collect stamps or cigarette cards; they were the capital of life, they could be hoarded, and in sufficient quantities would bring about a desirable condition known as maturity." Collect she did, as did the two girl-cousins who flit in and out of her recollections, but she went into the Great Depression with fingers not seriously burned. Out of Africa she comes, to a real-life Cold Comfort Farm peopled by quietly mad relatives; then to the ugly red-brick University of Reading to cuddle in parked punts and go down to Swinging London for an occasional *thé dansant* complete with crooners and saxophones; then across the Atlantic (while young Americans were hell-bent for Paris, it seems, young Britishers were flocking to America) to Cornell, sorority rushing, bootleg hooch that could make you blind, and all those friendly, candid, smiling, smiling Americans with their endless landscape and turgid, untidy national past. Bundled and tied, it's a happy time of discoveries, adventures and misadventures of a good-hearted, open-eyed and open-minded girl; the memories transcend party-chat and girls' gossip because of Mrs. Huxley's interest in people (she seems never to have met a total bore and never to have felt scorn for anyone) and her marvelous eye —and ear, nose, finger- and toe-tips—that enable her to bring it all back forty years after. There is an extended summoning of the sights, sounds and smells of a fox-hunt that is almost Proustian. No pictures; too bad. C. H. SIMONDS

LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE, *by John Barth (Doubleday, $4.95).* John Barth in the late Fifties (*The Floating Opera, The End of the Road*) was a different writer from John Barth in the late Sixties (*Giles Goat-Boy*). The younger man sampled a wild wit, a talent for the obscene insight, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plugged his gifts into situations we are all familiar with, but have never dared to know. Barth today is less storyteller than virtuoso craftsman, the word-spinner lunging at once for precision and ambiguity in a single dense phrase. He is evocative and evasive, an allegorist, an imagist—a sort of prose Ezra Pound. Of the fourteen selections (not all can be called short stories) in *Lost in the Funhouse,* some date from the last years of the younger writer, some from the present day. Taken in sequence, they tell of Barth's growing awareness of himself as artist and record his acute discomfort in the assumption of that role. A touching story called "Water-Message," among the earliest written, presents the author in innocence, almost bare, thinly veiled here in an adolescent *persona* whose sensitivity is excruciating. "Anonymiad," the last story and a counterpoint to "Water-Message," cloaks an older Barth in elaborate disguise—a Greek minstrel more self-conscious than sensitive. When minstrel Barth reflects on his career, "His songs, he fears, are growing in some instances merely tricksy, in others crankish and obscure. . . ." I agree. The newer Barth is too much a creator of language, too little of life. Those who tracked Joyce through a similar evolution may disagree. Anyway, with both Barths to choose from, there is something precious in this volume for everyone.

P. P. ARDERY

MAX RAFFERTY ON EDUCATION, *by Max Rafferty (Devin-Adair, $5.95).* G. K. Chesterton once remarked that without a gentle contempt for education, no gentleman's education is complete. If this applies also to what is known as "progressive education," then Max Rafferty is more than an educated man for his contempt is boundless. In a merciless assault on the dovetailing doctrines of progressive education and life adjustment education, Rafferty exposes the fallacy of a philosophy which holds that the only eternal verities are those of constant change and flux, adaptation to one's environment, and the endless practicing of "togetherness" and "democratic socializing." "If the men and women who preceded us on this continent and who made it safe for us to live on, had adopted the philosophy of 'adjustment to environment' as their supreme goal in life," Rafferty pointedly notes, "we, their descendants, would be living still along a narrow strip of the Atlantic seaboard in log cabins, and fighting Indians." Presently State Superintendent of Schools (and unsuccessful Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate), Rafferty sees the relationship between a school and its pupils as a simple one: to make them learned. The purposes of education he sees as fivefold: to pursue the truth; to hand down the cultural heritage of the race; to teach organized, disciplined, systematic subject matter; to help the individual realize his own potential and to ensure the survival of our country.

J. D. LOFTON JR.

MIAMI

(cont. from p. 1209)

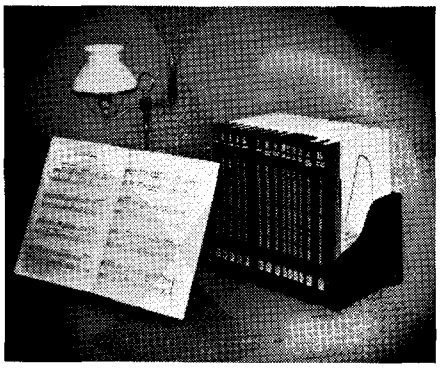
explicit possible guarantees that no liberal would be designated for the Vice Presidency. As a result, Reagan workers found themselves able to make little headway for their candidate, and had to console themselves with the bittersweet reflection that, at a minimum, they were indirectly putting some very heavy conservative pressures indeed on Richard Nixon.

In the light of those pressures, Nixon's subsequent choice of Governor Agnew as his running-mate becomes not only comprehensible but, in retrospect, almost inevitable. Hatfield, Percy, Lindsay—indeed, any identifiable liberal whatever—were all ruled out by Nixon's commitment to Thurmond and other Southerners. In the dominant conservative bloc, including Nixon's own advisers, Reagan was the overwhelming favorite for the Vice Presidential nomination; and there is sound reason to believe that Nixon was quite willing to acquiesce in Reagan's designation—leaving the decision nominally "up to the convention," to avoid personal criticism for it. But Reagan had meant it when he said he was not interested in the Vice Presidency; and if any doubt on this score remained it was removed when Reagan, in order to counter Barry Goldwater's pro-Nixon assurances that "I know Ron and he'll take the second spot," was compelled to telegraph all fifty delegation chairmen that he emphatically would not. Nixon's choice was thus narrowed to a handful of inoffensive centrists, of whom Agnew apparently had the fewest disadvantages.

When it was all over, perhaps the most striking thing about the convention—and all the more striking in the light of the hairy scenes that were to take place in Chicago three weeks later—was its essential amiability. The contest between the Nixon and Reagan supporters, despite its earnestness, was essentially a dispute between brothers who happened to disagree on an important question. Even the liberals, for all their disappointment over the anticipated defeat of Rockefeller and the surprise choice of Agnew, could not muster a tenth of the outrage they had felt in San Francisco, and most didn't even try. They are, it seems, getting used to not running the GOP—and that is just as well, because they aren't going to be running it for quite a while. □

SPECIAL OFFER

to *National Review* Readers Who Demand Excellence in Music



Our Brand-New 15-Volume

INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF PIANO MUSIC

is America's most comprehensive collection of professionally selected, chronologically organized, carefully graded piano music.

Editions, based on the most reliable research, are of the utmost authenticity.

Exquisite reproductions of the world's finest art masterpieces enhance the music.

Paper, printing, hand-engraving, binding, and design are of the highest quality.

Uniquely useful guides make for instant location of all music.

Besides the music, there are four volumes of *Technical Study Material* and a MUSIC REFERENCE LIBRARY containing *The Story of Music, Biographical Sketches of the Composers, Music Theory for the Pianist,* and a *Dictionary of Musical Terms with Pronunciations.*

For details of Special Offer **(at only about 10¢ a composition)** write us or fill in and mail the coupon below.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, INC.
Dept. NR
432 Park Avenue South,
New York, N. Y. 10016
Please send me details of your Special Offer to *National Review* readers. No obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Zip* .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DELECTATIONS

With Crisco and Gas Pains for All

C. H. SIMONDS

JUST to forestall charges of reverse snobbery, let me make it clear that when it comes to food and drink I can ooh and aah over fancy foreign things along with the best. My heart leaps up when the shining cover is whisked away and I behold my *blanquette de veau*, couchant on a field of gleaming china and snowy napery; I fall suitably reverent when the cobwebby bottle of Chateau Whatsitsname is produced. I am known at La Grenouille and Nicola Paone, at the Oak Room and The Leopard ("It's *him*," they say, "and he's got *them* with him!"). I am downright notorious at the Cape Cod Room of the Drake in Chicago, where one memorable night I ordered *another* Lobster Cardinal (for dessert).

But come with me now, down Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn or Clayton Road in St. Louis or North Clark Street in Chicago, to the underworld of worn Formica counters, unmatched silverware, Adolph's Meat Tenderizer and Crisco. Dining on the cheap has charms all its own that the jaded do not know —and probably never will, because good bad food is an acquired taste.

I acquired it early. Bliss was it, at age eight, to find in the Friday *Minneapolis Star* the coupon entitling me to *five* White Castle hamburgers for 24 cents, good-this-Saturday-only. I would snip it out carefully and the next day, after the Kiddie Matinee, I would bike down to Central Avenue to feast. (I should explain that the regular price was then a dime each; it rose to twelve cents when I was in high school, and just last December to fourteen. This inflation must be due at least in part to the White Castle folks' infuriating practice of building big, shiny new outlets. When you sample their hamburgers, do so in one of the few remaining old shops built of white glazed brick with fake crenellations and the trade-mark done in stained glass over the big window. The chain operates in New York, Indianapolis, Columbus, Louisville, Chicago, Minneapolis-St. Paul and other centers. As you leave, take a free copy of the House Organ, which is a scream.)

And what is this hamburger after which I lust to this very day? It is not a hamburger at all; it bears no relation to any other known form of food. It consists of a two-inch-square piece of meat, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, with five small holes punched pipwise (to assure better cooking and release full flavor, one is assured), garnished with a translucently thin pickle chip and tiny onion fragments and served on a bunlet of wondrous moist softness. The flavor is—induplicable and indescribable; suffice it to say that a friend and I put away 22 the other day, and fought for the last one. Hints: A dot of ketchup helps; *don't* follow the company's suggestion that you take home and reheat—they dry out and turn gummy. *Read the cardboard box each burger comes in!*

But perhaps the novice should begin not with this unburger, but with a Genuine American Hamburger. This is not to be had in any restaurant that puts cloths on the tables—they fuss too much, and perfection in the hamburger is the result of mass production in a routine established over the years. (Shun also glittering drive-ins that offer weird hamburger-based specialties. Additions beyond cheese, and maybe bacon, are not to be countenanced.) Proper hamburgers—the meat (ground

once only) just lean enough and cooked to the brink of crispiness on the outside but still pinkish within—are hard to find: I have found them at the Friendly Ice Cream Shoppes (over 100 outlets in New England, New York and New Jersey); the Steak-N-Shake chain in St. Louis, Indianapolis and Florida cities; some A & W root beer stands (but they vary); Bartley's Burger Cottage in Cambridge; the East Side Cafe on U.S. 50 in Flora, Illinois, and only one place in New York City: the Bun 'n' Burger on East 34th Street (whose proprietor, alas, refuses to serve cheeseburgers on the grounds that he hasn't for 28 years and doesn't feel like starting). Both Friendly and Steak-N-Shake, by the way, serve their burgers on toast—not buns, which tend to overwhelm by sheer bulk. For *cheap* good hamburgers, don't miss Charlie's Burger Barn in Vincennes, Indiana.

The down-and-eater need not confine himself to hamburgers, of course. Many other delicious staples can be had only in cheap restaurants. Among these are chili (fancy places, striving too hard to be democratic, always overdo the chili powder and use soft, too-small beans); carrot-and-raisin salad, which to be good must be yesterday's; the "breaded veal cutlet" and "chicken-fried steak" ubiquitous in the southern Middle West, and of course the kind of lemon pie that's topped with *chewy* meringue.

AN IMPORTANT PART of cheap eating is the atmosphere—the cacophony of shouted orders, clattering silverware, chewing people and always, somewhere in the middle distance, a jukebox that won't give up. Nowhere is fish more enjoyable (or better prepared) than in Paddy's Clam House in New York, a noisy big barn of a place whose every surface is coated with thirty years' accumulation of landlady-green paint. I shall never forget Albert's, a skid row shack I used to patronize in Chicago, whose specialty was fried chicken and whose counter girls, when given an order for "half a chicken to go," would shriek in the general direction of the kitchen, "LEG AN' A BREAST WALKIN'!" (It was there, by the way, that I learned the secret of french fries: *don't peel the potatoes.* The peels, left on, lend a mysterious nut-like flavor.) In a cheap restaurant, amid all the hullabaloo, one is left alone with one's food. Serving people do not hover. The grating conversations or noisy hilarity of other diners—so annoying in elegant restaurants—are lost in the din. Along with one's fellow citizens, one hunches happily at the counter and just eats. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Two heads are better than one when describing a dolt	9 17 127 184 194 20 29 124 172 180 / 56
B. A son of Calliope and his spouse	89 11 60 82 93 106 4 115 129 136 / 145 206 216 8 19 73 123 160
C. A Middle High German epic of c. 1200	43 12 116 164 195 79 94 144 166 52 / 63 70 80 148
D. An item that Stradivari made	103 18 21 142 92 153
E. Of or pertaining to a method or proof in calculus involving arbitrarily small numbers	119 67 176 181 198 203 110 156 197 208 / 40 86
F. A short trench affording shelter when firing at an enemy	135 122 193 213 48 205 175 44
G. A flexure of the large intestine	151 187 53 133 104 209 95
H. Any alloy of copper and zinc, a homogeneous solid solution containing more than 64% copper	154 105 139 157 149 200 138 215 16 31
I. A pleonasm used by many writers who ought to know better	2 7 10 22 59 83 65 177 76
J. Conversion of other vowel sounds into that of a certain Greek letter	158 109 74 167 179 140 54 182
K. Where J. Edgar Hoover goes Saturday afternoons	174 90 97 107 152 162 186 192 114 143 / 210 212 15
L. The daughter of Tantalus	188 55 27 207 102
M. A game often played on ships' decks	196 163 14 204 214 33 39 117 96 146 / 150 159
N. Methyl salicylate	211 125 69 98 37 101 173 91 169 185 / 72 131 64 118
O. An order, especially from a bishop, suspending a priest from the performance of his duties (*Eng. Eccles. Law*)	3 36 47 1 62 68 77 85 58 88
P. State of being dependable or reliable	23 50 61 126 130 28 35 78 84 121 / 75 132 137 161 170
Q. What Eisenhower said Nixon had to be as clean as [a] (1952)	26 13 134 155 189 41 190 66 42 46 / 24
R. Austenite	38 30 87 165 199 178 112 45 147
S. Resembling a certain wise old bird	51 120 202 108 183 191
T. Mrs. Stowe made her famous (or was it vice versa?)	57 5 111
U. What John Lindsay is; also Everett Dirksen	81 49 32 168
V. A low character	99 6 25 141
W. How agreeable people see	128 113 100 171 71 201 34 217

See page 1235 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 0	2 J		3 O	4 B		5 T	6 V	7 I	8 B		9 A	10 I	11 B	12 C	13 Q
14 M	15 K		16 H	17 A	18 D	19 B		20 A	21 D	22 I	23 P	24 O	25 V		26 O	27 L	28 P
	29 A	30 R	31 H	32 U	33 M	34 W		35 P	36 O	37 N		38 R	39 M	40 E	41 O		42 Q
43 C	44 F	45 R		46 O	47 O	48 F		49 U	50 P	51 S	52 C	53 G		54 J	55 I	56 A	57 T
	58 O	59 I		60 B	61 P	62 O	63 C	64 N	65 I		66 O	67 E	68 O	69 N	70 C	71 W	72 N
	73 B	74 J		75 P	76 I		77 O	78 P	79 C	80 C		81 U	82 B	83 I	84 P		85 O
	86 E	87 R		88 O	89 B		90 K	91 N	92 D	93 B	94 C	95 G		96 M	97 K		98 N
99 V	100W		101N	102L	103D	104G	105H	106B	107K	108S	109J	110E	111T	112R	113W		114K
115B	116C	117M	118N	119E		120S	121P	122F	123B	124A		125N	126P		127A	128W	129B
130P		131N	132P		133G	134Q	135F	136B	137P	138H		139H	140J	141V	142D	143K	144C
145B		146M	147R	148C		149H	150M	151G	152K	153D		154H	155Q	156E		157H	158J
159M	160B	161P		162K	163M	164C		165R	166C	167J	168U	169N	170P	171W		172A	173N
174K	175F	176E	177I	178R	179J		180A	181E	182J	183S		184A	185N	186K	187C	188I	189Q
	190Q	191S	192K		193F	194A	195C	196M	197E		198E	199R	200H	201W	202S		203E
204M		205F	206B	207L	208E	209G	210K		211N	212K	213F	214M	215H	216B	217W		

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified advertisements

EMPLOYMENT OFFERS

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you! For latest information on Australian assisted passage, unlimited opportunities send $1.00 to Buckeye, Box 1032SV, Fairborn, Ohio 45324

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You! Send $1 for latest information on Australian assisted passage, entry requirements, opportunities. Worldwide, Box 366NH, Medway, Ohio 45341.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government Assisted Passage. Unlimited Opportunities. Latest Government Information and Forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-CC, Long Beach, California 90803.

WANTED: Secretary for treasurer of conservative, educational organization. Must be capable of handling some office detail as well as regular secretarial duties. Lower Westchester location. Write to Post Office Box 211, New Rochelle, New York 10801

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST located New York area, seeks agent interested in handling small contemporary oils with qualities of Old World technique and craftsmanship of intrinsic value. Write NR Box 123.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

SECURITY POSITION WANTED. Young man seeking position on estate with quarters. U.S. Army experience with 2 years college. Trained security dog provided. Character references provided. Write: NR Box 1119.

WHO WILL HELP finance a liberterian-conservative commentator, presently a top New York newscaster, offering himself as a full-time crusader on radio and television? Write NR Box 125.

ETHICAL PHARMACEUTICAL chemist with extensive background in cosmetics. Research and development in both fields. Available immediately. Write NR Box 124.

INVESTMENTS

THE SAGITTARIAN CLUB, producers and backers of conservative plays, now being formed by knowledgeable and experienced theatre people. $1,000 makes you an angel, helps us all speak out against the strong leftist movement in today's theatre. Be an angel! For details, write NR Box 108.

INVESTING? For professional, courteous service and trouble-free brokerage facilities, write or phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Co., 19 Rector St., N.Y., N.Y. 10006. 212-422-0700. Members of the New York Stock Exchange.

NEW YORK STATE STANDARDBREDS (Trotters & Pacers) Become a part of the fabulous $2,800,000 N.Y. Sire Stakes program. Own a broodmare (and we take care of it) in foal to a Top Stallion. Tax benefits, profit opportunities with a modest and fixed investment. For details write: George Plitt, Happiness Hills, 319 North Main Street, Spring Valley, N.Y. 10977.

LITERARY

ANYONE who has ever been owned by a cat will be enchanted by "The Story of a Lady" by Belinda Jelliffe. $2. 19 Alden Place, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708.

CREATIVE EDITING FOR WRITERS LOST IN THEIR NOTES. "Margaret Lappin is a talented assistant; she makes the writer think out what he really wants to say. To have Marge Lappin as assistant is the challenge a writer needs. Sister M. Margaret Patricia McCarran, College of the Holy Name, Oakland, California." Address: 5110 Wehawken Road, Washington, D.C. 20016.

SALES

CIA CHIEF Allen Dulles called Kim Philby "The best spy the Russians ever had." Find out why in E. H. Cookridge's spine-tingling biography "The Third Man". You won't be able to put this one down. Only a few copies on hand, so send $5.95 today to National Review, Dept. SM, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

THE LAST HALF OF 1961 (JFK in U.S., Diem in Vietnam, Tshombe in Katanga) seems incredible to read about now, just 7 years later; all covered in Bound Volume XI of NR; few precious copies remain. Available while they last at $10 each, postpaid. Write Dept. SM, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

GENUINE MALLORY, EVEREADY, RAY-O-VAC batteries for all hearing aids, factory fresh, postpaid. #675, #76, #41, #13, #312, 6/$1.59. #401, 4/$1.59. Ear lotion, $2. Any aid repaired, $29 maximum charge. Sound-C, 251 Baldwin Ave., San Mateo, California 94401.

PET CARRYING CASE, lightweight, rigid shape, white corrugated fiberboard, partially assembled, for cats and dogs under 10 lbs., Model 16D, $2 plus 75¢ mailing. Pyramid Packages, Dept. P11, P.O. Box 12302, Raleigh, North Carolina 27605.

SONY RECORDING TAPE. Finest lubricated quality 1800 ft on 7-in. reel. Polyester. List $6.20—only $2.60 postpaid. Inkley's, 2363 Washington Blvd., Ogden, Utah 84401.

CUSTOM-MADE BUTTONS, BUMPER STRIPS, decals, balloons. Send $1.00 (refundable) for price list and samples. Larry Fox, Box 581-C, Hempstead, N.Y. 11551 (516) 295-1034

35,000 PROFESSIONAL COMEDY LINES! Forty speaker's jokebooks and current comedy, a topical humor service. Catalog free. Samples, $5.00. John Rain Assoc., Inc., Dept. E, 232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

DUE TO SICKNESS and small income I have one extra kidney for sale to rich person only. Mr. Dale Rice, 2262 Jeffcott Street, Ft. Myers, Florida 33901

REAL ESTATE

BLOCK ISLAND. Acreage for sale. Spectacular ocean views. Also business-zoned property. 516-427-8584.

ARIZONA HEALTH RETIREMENT and investment properties for sale between Phoenix and Tucson. Ten lots in four separate units. Year around dry and sunny climate. Near main highway, shopping, and recreation. Homesites with utilities and paved streets as low as $1700. Terms. Jesse Mise, 235 Blue Hills Avenue, Hartford, Conn. 06112

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE: Swedenborg's Divine Providence (Serendipity). Paul Hammond, 306 E. Meda Avenue, Glendora, Calif.

FAMILY STATUS SYMBOL: free literature. HERALDIST, 2073 Eastern, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE PIANO! Master lessons through correspondence. Beginners. Rusty Intermediates. Age no barrier. Cameo Studios, 25-N Cameo Road, Levittown, Pa. 19057.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE (Computerized Matching) — All Ages "Let TEAM Make You a Team." Write: TEAM Project, 245 East 30 St., N.Y.C. 10015.

THE FUTURIST, new bimonthly, reports scientists' forecasts for next 50 years. $5 yearly. World Future Society, Box 19285-Y, Twentieth Street Station, Washington, D.C. 20036.

CONSERVATIVE FOLK SINGER Tony Dolan is now available on a stirring new 12" LP recording, "Cry the Beloved Country" —first time ever. Songs include "Abolish! Abolish!," "Join the S.D.S.," "Cuba Will Be Free." William F. Buckley Jr. wrote the dust-cover notes: "Dolan has been messing around in his own cellar, and he has come up with something. Something you'll remember." Send $5 to Ultra Arts, Inc., Dept. JEM, 150 East 35th St. NYC 10016.

IS THERE A CONSERVATIVE PLAYWRIGHT anywhere out there? The Sagittarian Club is seeking plays with conservative themes for professional N.Y. production. Send scripts to NR Box 109.

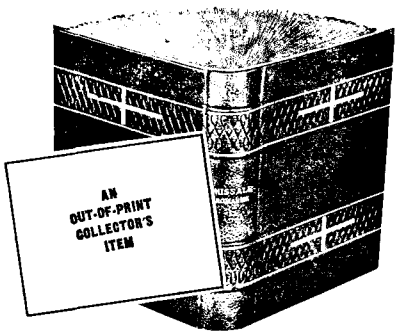
SPEAKER ON international affairs and domestic problems affecting Cold War. Newsman, specialist on communism. Traveled in over 100 countries—extensive behind Iron Curtain, all world trouble spots—three times in Vietnam. Wide speaking experience. Write NR Box 1100.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.20 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISSALE ROMANUM



HERE'S A UNIQUE IDEA FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING!

We all have special people to whom we want to give unusual presents. *This year* you can give that special person a truly unusual gift—a genuine Latin Altar Missal (not to be confused with the Layman's Latin/English Missal)—for a fraction of the original cost. This is the MISSALE ROMANUM used only by Priests for the celebration of the Mass until recent liturgical changes. It will add beauty and distinction to any home. A limited number of these magnificent books is still available in several sizes and bindings *for as little as* $12.95 for morocco economy edition or $19.95 for morocco deluxe edition! A few Capeskin deluxe at $49.95! *Prices include postage and handling!* Don't miss this opportunity!

Write today to:

IMPORTSALES, Inc.
150 East 35th Street, New York, N. Y. 10016 or phone (212) 685-9594.

STERLING L. SMITH

MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT

Planning
Organization
Control

EUROPEAN ASSIGNMENTS WELCOMED

R.F.D. 9, Greenville, S.C. 29609
Telephone (803) 233-4852

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, scientific and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. For Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. NR, 120 W. 31 St. New York, N. Y. 10001.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (NOVEMBER 19)
ALLAN HOUSE RYSKIND:
HUBERT:

Humphrey had somersaulted. In just two weeks he had denounced the McCarren bill, voted for it, and upheld its veto by the President. It was a stunning acrobatic performance. . . . The conference report . . . . he had not thought important to vote on.

AVATAR

(cont. from p. 1219)

however, that there is also a very human and a very powerful desire to satisfy that hunger. It is Paul Tillich, in fact, who claims for man a certain primitive courage that almost compels him to make sense of a mad world and see purpose and meaning in his own life.

Mel appeals to that courage. He arouses it. And because of this, it is more than likely that his cult will grow. To a spiritually starved generation he offers an explanation. He sees the meaning in life. He's sure he's right. He has all the dogmas, all the answers. He's the *Avatar*. Hell, he's God. And he's a groovy God. He talks hip. You can understand him.

"Mel puts you right with the spirit and yourself," said a British boy, a convert and the current business manager of *Avatar*. "You know, you have to go through hell before you reach tranquility. It takes guts to live. Mel taught me that." □

KILPATRICK

(cont. from p. 1212)

mouth were manifestations of the same rhetoric for which Nixon would have been denounced. Humphrey got away with his own stinging invective with no more than a tut-tut from the fastidious custodians of public taste.

Nixon, of course, established by the end of the trail what had been said of him all along: he is indeed a master of the tactics and stratagems of political combat. He played his game as coolly and as confidently as the Packers' Bart Starr, who once waited until eight seconds remained on the clock before calling a winning field goal. By shunning specifics and avoiding hard promises, Nixon waged a flawlessly planned campaign. He will take office with few irrevocable commitments; if he has no mandate from his customers, at least he has no bill collectors waiting at his door.

To be sure, Nixon failed to get the big win he wanted and needed. He will be in deep trouble if he affronts the conservative coalition in Congress by needlessly liberal gestures in his executive appointments. He may be in deep trouble anyhow if the old professional Nixon-haters choose to beleaguer him from the outset. But he has emerged from the campaign ordeal with few bruises and no broken bones. He is in excellent condition for the far more serious tests that lie ahead. □

THE WILLMOORE KENDALL PROGRAM
leading to the Ph.D. in
POLITICS AND LITERATURE

This unique graduate program, **founded by the late Professor Kendall,** fuses the disciplines of literary criticism and political philosophy into an exceptionally flexible instrument for a study of the foundations of human order.

The program repudiates that tendency in political science that would limit the study of human order to an **empirical emphasis,** insisting that this is a fundamental misconstruction that implicitly abandons the possibility of reasoned discourse on things of the **Polis.**

Although some exposure to politics, philosophy, literature, and languages is presupposed, students may enter from any undergraduate disciplined. A lively mind and a willingness to work are the chief pre-requisites. **Write,** detailing your preparation and interest.

BRANIFF GRADUATE SCHOOL UNIVERSITY OF DALLAS
Box N, Irving, Texas 75060

Braniff Graduate School: Located on a 1000 acre campus in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. For information on other graduate programs and the Undergraduate College write to the above also.

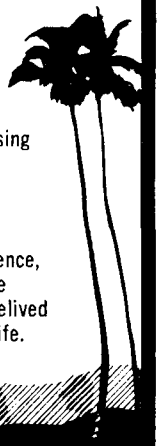
Est. 1917 (212 YUkon 6-1195-6-7

BACHMAN
OFFSET PRINTING CORP., INC.

Fine Offset Printing—Color Lithographers
228 East 45th Street, New York 10017
PRINTING AT CONSERVATIVE PRICES

An escorted tour

South Pacific Isles
January 30 to March 17 '69



Firewalkers of Beqa, New Guinea "sing-sing," Polynesian Tamaaraa are among the highlights of a Pacific Travel Adventure encompassing Samoa, Tonga, New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea, the Solomons, Fiji, and Tahiti. An adventure, backed by careful planning and experience, in the sense of unimaginable sights and sounds, history relived and participation in island life.

Write for FREE Folder!
FRANCES PAUL TRAVEL SERVICE
143 Harvard Ave, Claremont, Calif 91711 (714) 624-1675

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Mr. Nixon's Cabinet

On The Right

New York, Nov. 18—There is much speculation about the composition of Mr. Nixon's Cabinet; indeed my brothers Messrs. Novak and Evans, after telling us over the years that Nixon could never win the Presidency, have now just about completed the staffing of Nixon's Administration. If we take their word for it, and that of others who are engaged in similar forecasting, Mr. Nixon's Cabinet will look like a roster of eligibles drawn up by the Ripon Society.

It is, by the way, interesting that so many of the season's orators who were proclaiming that Senator Strom Thurmond would exercise a veto power over any appointment by Mr. Nixon, think nothing at all now of predicting very liberal appointments. But of course that was campaign oratory, and we have known it ever since Mr. Wendell Willkie told us, that we are not to take seriously the vaticinations of hungry politicians. Even so, it is unquestionably in Mr. Nixon's mind to nominate a "balanced" team: i.e., to include in it recognized leaders of Republicans, both left and right. He may even nominate a Democrat or two, even as old FDR used to do, the better to eat us up with. A few words are appropriate concerning some of the names one hears mentioned.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER. More than any man in America, he is anathema to the right wing. It is in part a chemical reaction. Because Mr. Rockefeller has flogged the right wing mercilessly. In the summer of 1963 he formally charged that the Republican Party was being taken over by extremists, and the average Republican suddenly discovered that the man Rockefeller was describing, was himself. And then there was Mr. Rockefeller's desertion of his party during the Goldwater campaign.

In fact, apart from Mr. Rockefeller's addiction to domestic liberal clichés, the Governor is a very capable man, and in foreign policy, a very realistic man. Late this spring he managed, under the inexpert tutelage of Emmet Hughes, to say some complicated and demoralizing things concerning Vietnam. But even that tergiversation does not obscure a firm anti-Communist commitment that dates back to his role in the Chapultepec Conference in the early Forties, where he first incurred the animosity of the world Communist enterprise.

He is, moreover, an expert administrator. And he profoundly believes in the necessity of national strength. He would be the last man in America to be fooled by phony disarmament drives, or taken in by the sentimental pretensions of nonproliferation treaties. In other words, Nelson Rockefeller would make a good Secretary of Defense, and a very shrewd choice for that position since Rockefeller's clientele, which is the Eastern Seaboard liberal establishment, is greatly needed in support of tough defense policies.

There is talk about William Scranton for Secretary of State, notwithstanding Mr. Scranton's adamant disavowals of interest. Again, Mr. Scranton is a highly competent man and a diplomatic man. Such is Mr. Nixon's own interest in foreign policy that what he desires primarily is an effective surrogate, and Mr. Scranton would make that, no doubt about it. And he is not—unlike Rockefeller—a magnetic field which would interfere with the orderly flow of electricity in a Nixon Administration. Rockefeller's personal assertiveness could fairly easily be integrated if exercised in a department (Defense) where such attributes are necessary for survival, and when in pursuit of policies directly synchronized to the President's. The same qualities, in a Secretary of State, could make life not worth living for any President, even Humphrey.

So, Rockefeller, Scranton. Who else? There is talk of John Lindsay, incredibly. It cannot be because Mr. Nixon needs Mr. Lindsay—what for? If he cannot run New York City, surely he cannot run the Department of Urban Affairs? The talk, undoubtedly specious, is based on the recognition that Mr. Lindsay might very well be looking for refuge from the lowering storm.

And in California, they are saying that Senator Thomas Kuchel, the lame duck, will be named Secretary of the Interior. Without knowing much about what Mr. Kuchel knows about the Interior, it would appear that such an appointment would be calculated rather to help Mr. Kuchel than to help the Interior, and it is not clear to me what is the nature of the debt to Mr. Kuchel by a party whose last four nominees (Goldwater, Murphy, Reagan, Rafferty) Mr. Kuchel declined to back.

So, okay Rockefeller, Scranton; ixnay Lindsay, Kuchel. □

MORNING AFTER *New York,* Nov. 14—Morningafterwise, what would you have thought if the mail had brought you a lapel button that read, simply "EMK"? My reaction would have been that my name had got on the mailing list of a Greek terrorist organization, and I'd have tossed the thing away.

But that is a sign of what sociologists might call Deficient Kennedy Awareness. Because—you guessed it—"EMK" stands for Edward Moore Kennedy; the button I speak of exists, and was sent out on November 6 to how many thousands of people I do not know; the symbol EMK is obviously intended as this season's totemic replacement of the older manifests of political purity, like the PT-109 tie clips, and the FKBLA (For Kennedy Before Los Angeles) buttons.

REALLY, THE DYNASTIC assertiveness of the Kennedys is a wonder of the world. Six years ago latecomers to Camelot were grumbling that Teddy's decision to run for the Senate on the slogan, "He Can Do More For Massachusetts," was arrant opportunism such as to embarrass the entire country. Now many of the same people who were saying that are asking us to prepare to name Teddy—not to a seat in the Senate because he is a Kennedy, but to the White House because he is a Kennedy. There are conservatives around who are accused of wanting to put back the clock. But none that I know of who desires to restore the divine right of kings.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consider, for a moment, how mere non-Kennedys are treated. It is interesting to note how Senator Eugene McCarthy, notwithstanding his abundant qualifications—he is wittier, profounder, more convincingly liberal, better read than any of the Kennedys: consider how quickly he is being discarded. Even after the assassination of Robert Kennedy, the Court refused to turn to him. They gave as the reasons Mr. McCarthy's temperamental disqualifications. But similar disqualifications did not prevent the same group from being captivated by Adlai Stevenson, back Before Los Angeles.

No, the sin of Eugene McCarthy, one suspects, is insufficient servility to the Kennedy myth and to the Kennedy Court. Notice how after the convention he was being not-so-gently badmouthed. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. said about him, a few weeks before the election, that he was an unlikely leader for the new America, because his following consisted of a "semi-precious fraternity of college graduates" (quite true, quite true: but nonetheless a provocative thing for one Democrat to say about another).

And then Mr. Allard Lowenstein, who began the Draft McCarthy movement, has now announced coolly that Senator McCarthy is not the designated new leader of American liberalism, that the young people who supported him in New Hampshire and elsewhere were supporting not him, but his ideas. And the suggestion of course was that a more suitable vehicle could be found for carrying Senator McCarthy's ideals. Such as who? Why, such as Senator Kennedy.

NOW IT ISN'T GOING to be absolutely open and shut—disgraceful, the way our country forces Kennedys to fight for their throne. There are quite a lot of people around who are fiercely impressed by Senator Muskie. If Muskie were an ambitious man, who knows, he might prove to be an able contender, though he would probably be treated like Hamlet's stepfather. And then too, there is a slight problem involving John Lindsay. Mr. Lindsay's plans were severely affected by Mr. Nixon's victory.

Friends of Mr. Lindsay had hoped for the following sequence of events. Mr. Nixon would lose. And his loss would be generally attributed to his deficient personality and excessive conservatism. Who then would rise as representing exactly the opposite features? John Lindsay, needless to say. Now, suddenly bereft of his automatic standing as heir apparent, Mr. Lindsay faces a number of political problems, among them the accelerating disintegration of the city he promised to lead to paradise.

On the other hand, no doubt there are dreams that Nixon will prove as unpopular as Lyndon Johnson, and perhaps Lindsay would then emerge as 1972's Republican Eugene McCarthy? And if he won, and was pitted against Teddy Kennedy, wouldn't that sort of spoil things for Kennedy? Not to say for the country? □

CLEAVER FOR PRESIDENT

San Francisco, Nov. 22 — A little paragraph in the *New York Times* appearing a week or so before the national election revealed how the editorial board of the Columbia University newspaper had resolved to vote for President. The vote was for Eldridge Cleaver.

The gentleman preferred by the students to Richard Nixon is not widely known in the United States, because we are not all of us so well-informed or well-educated as the young journalists of Columbia University. I spent an hour with Mr. Cleaver here in San Francisco after having read up on him a little bit. His name does not appear in *Who's Who*, but if it did, *Who's Who* would briefly record that he is currently the Information Minister of the Black Panthers, and was the Presidential candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party in 1968; that early on in his life he elected to defy the law, which he began to do as a boy by hustling marijuana, for which he was sent up to a juvenile reformatory, after graduation from which he turned to the serious business of rape, beginning first with black victims but moving on to white women for ideological reasons, carefully explained in his best-selling autobiography, *Soul on Ice*.

But upon being caught and sentenced to prison for fourteen years, he undertook his self-education, and prevailed upon lawyers generally friendly to iconoclasm to argue for his parole, which parole was granted after nine years in prison, whereupon Mr. Cleaver enrolled as a Panther and rose instantly to a position of prominence.

In due course a rumble ensued at which a young Panther was killed, and the State of California contends that Mr. Cleaver was consorting with such persons as the parole regulations prohibited keeping company with, resulting in a) his recall to prison; b) his release from prison by order of a lower court; c) which ruling has been overturned by a higher court; d) whose ruling is under appeal resulting in the protagonist's continued, if temporary, freedom.

Concerning Mr. Cleaver's activities and those of his party, one can suggest only the flavor of his approach. Ronald Reagan, for instance, is, in Mr. Cleaver's language, "a punk, a sissy, and a coward, and I challenge him to a duel to the death or until he says Uncle Eldridge." Those who take a little clandestine pleasure at that kind of thing said about Ronald Reagan might however find a little bit off-putting the Black Panther journal published after the assassination of Bobby Kennedy, which ran a drawing of Mr. Kennedy as a dead pig. Those who find this understandable as campaign oratory may wonder at Mr. Cleaver's treatment of Julian Bond, whom he recently accused of being "a pig [who] might just end up being barbecued with the rest of the pigs."

WELL THEN, what should we do about it all? "I hope," Mr. Cleaver said recently, "I hope you'll take your guns and shoot judges and police." I asked Mr. Cleaver whether he finds it consistent with his ideology to encourage the assassination of Mr. Richard Nixon, who after all is the chief pig-elect, and Mr. Cleaver replied that he would not publicly encourage the assassination of Mr. Nixon because the pigs would come after him if he did, but that privately he would do so, satisfied as he is that he deserves to die, even as did the pig Kennedy.

Had enough? Ah, but your stomachs are not as strong as those of the more educated members of the community, like the faculty members of the University of California who have invited Mr. Cleaver to give a course for credit at the Berkeley campus. Actually they really wouldn't want him for President, they are just getting their kicks without confronting the consequences: a venture in ideological onanism.

I told Mr. Cleaver that the supreme irony of it all is that such support as he has is mostly from the white folks. The blacks are too dignified, too honest, too gentle. It takes middle class educated white folks to say "Cleaver for President," even as, in eighteenth-century France, it was the sports in the upper class who lionized de Sade. Cleaver is half right to feel such contempt as he feels for those of us who tolerate him and his disciples. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

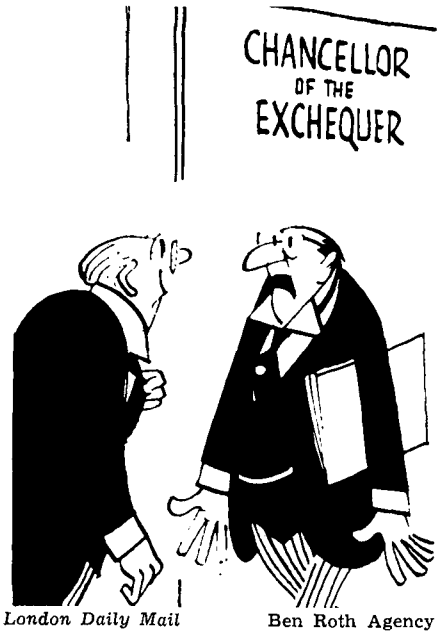
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Don't be surprised to see Sen. **Edmund Muskie** end up as Senate Whip. Sen. **Russell Long** (La.), who now holds the job, has indicated he'd like to spend more time on Finance Committee affairs (he's chairman) and Democrats are looking for ways to keep Muskie before the public. . . . Muskie incidentally continues to be for national conventions, even after Chicago, because they are only time fifty loosely allied state parties get together. . . . AFL-CIO COPE did it again: it put extra muscle behind races of **fifty liberal Democratic congressmen** in marginal areas; 44 of them made it. . . . Sen. **George Murphy** will be resigning as head of important Senate Republican Campaign Committee (he'll be up for re-election in '70) which means that **Barry Goldwater** could get his old job back. Another possibility: **John Tower** of Texas. . . . **Charles Goodell** (R., N.Y.) working hard to make himself the most unpopular man on the Hill. He came out with antagonizing statement a week ago urging all newcomers to live in the District instead of in the suburbs.

■ **Labor leaders**, who worked hard for Humphrey in the clutch, have informed him they'll back him if he decides to run in Minnesota gubernatorial or senatorial races in future. Officially they'd also support him in another Presidential bid, but their hearts really lie in Massachusetts. . . . **Richard Nixon** arrives in Washington knowing he's not the most popular man in town: only 18 per cent of District residents voted for him. . . . According to *Washington Post*, scientists across the nation are putting pressure on Nixon not to appoint Nobel-prize-winning **Willard Libby** his "science advisor." Libby's crime: he headed Committee of Scientists and Engineers for both Goldwater and Nixon.

■ Left press disappointed with election. *Guardian* admits leftist-peace candidates polled way under what they had expected and slams **Students for a Democratic Society** for failure to cause disruptions on Election Day after much brouhaha about their plans. . . . *Guardian* columnist **Julius Lester** sums it up this way: "The people decided to try Nixon's 'cool' approach to fascism rather than Wallace's 'hot' one." . . . **Joan Baez** astonished everyone last week by calling student demonstrations on campus "downright silly" and adding that the Chicago demonstrators were "really filthy." And so abashed



London Daily Mail Ben Roth Agency

"He says he'd like to squeeze Barbara Castle."

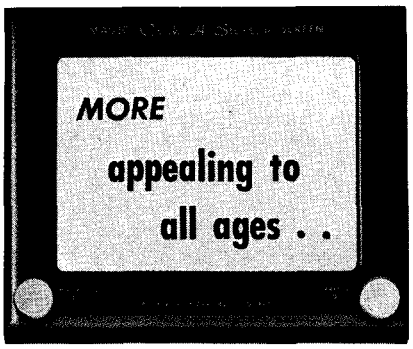
herself that the next day she hastened to assure her followers that she was still a "revolutionary." . . . **Wilfred Burchett**, the Australian Communist who reports regularly on Southeast Asia for the *Guardian*, has applied to cover United Nations events in New York for the French magazine *l'Evénement*, which is one way to get himself into the United States. Burchett is traveling on Cuban passport these days.

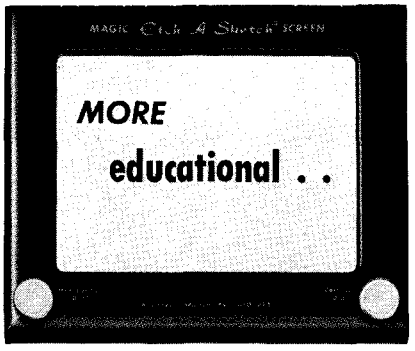
■ Informed reports that **Israel** will go nuclear by 1970 reinforced by last week's statement that Israel is reluctant to sign the nuclear nonproliferation treaty. One clause of treaty would open Israel's tightly guarded nuclear reactors to international inspection. . . . Italian Foreign Minister **Giuseppe Medici** (of the late government) says his country will not sign the treaty until Soviet troops leave Czechoslovakia. . . . French Communist newspaper *Humanité* testy at Polish criticism of French CP leaders. In a reply to a statement by **Gomulka**, *Humanité* said the French CP would "never" approve the invasion. . . . *Daily World* (formerly the *Worker*) gives some idea of the caliber of people who have joined the new British Free Czechoslovakia committee. Its first exhibit was attended by "[Alec] **Douglas-Home**, former prime minister and one of Britain's biggest landlords."

■ And some African problems: Westerners laughed when they read that Zambian Transport Minister **Solomon Kalulu** had ordered 50,000 British breathalyzers for drunken railway engineers. The facts: Derailments in Zambia continue to average one a day. . . . Restaurants and hotels in **Malawi** are warned that if they admit or serve miniskirted customers they risk losing their liquor licenses. . . . In **Zanzibar** only persons accused of murder and armed robbery get trials. All other defendants are automatically sentenced to five years imprisonment during which time, say authorities, they learn a trade.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's nothing *MORE* challenging . . .





than **Etch A Sketch**®

. . favorite drawing toy of the century!

Just turn the magic knobs to create hundreds of designs and sketches on the magic Etch A Sketch screen. Shake to erase. Nothing else is needed. Instant fun wherever you are—at home, in plane or car.

NOW . . . AT TOY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE!

WORLD FAMOUS FOR QUALITY . . . THE OHIO ART® COMPANY • BRYAN, OHIO 43506

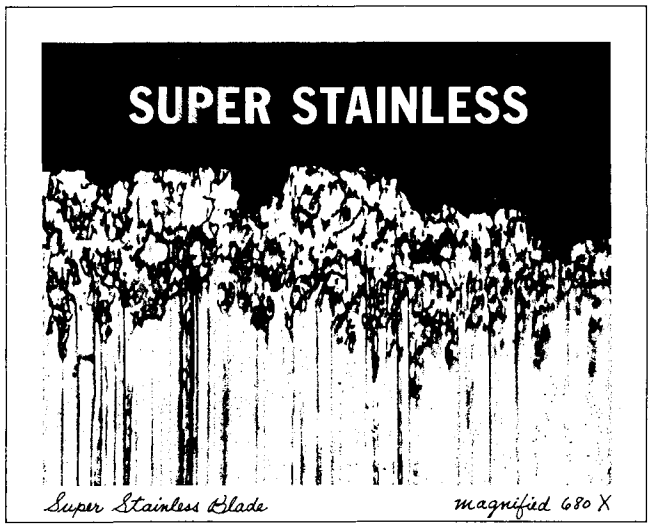
NEW YORK OFFICE: SUITE 628, 200 FIFTH AVENUE 10010

PHONE: (212) 242-6656

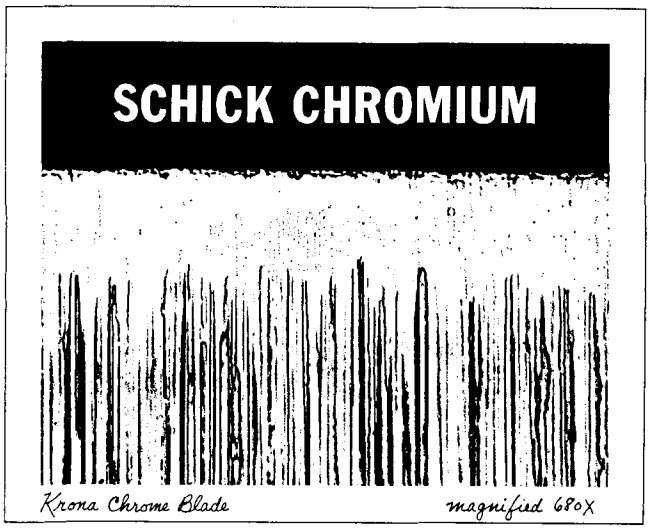
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1968 Schick Safety Razor Co., Division of Eversharp, Inc., Culver City, Calif.

All super stainless razor blades are obsolete.



All super stainless blades are subject to corrosion. This, for instance, is a section of a super stainless edge with a plastic coating, after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.



This is a section of the new Krona-Chrome plastic-coated chromium edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. As you can see, chromium more effectively resists blade breakdown due to corrosion.

Only Schick Krona-Chrome® has the chromium edge.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED